

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

No. 939, Vol. 36.

October 25, 1873.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

**MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.**

IT is a long time since so much enthusiasm has been excited by any political event as by Mr. BRIGHT's speech on his re-election for Birmingham. He has been silent for some years, and a natural regret and pity for the cause of his silence combined with the novelty of hearing him to give an accidental interest to everything he might say. His speech was also regarded as an occasion when the wounds of discontented Liberals might be healed, and comfort and confidence imparted to them after they have been, in their opinion, somewhat badly treated by a back-sliding Ministry. The fact, too, that Mr. BRIGHT was to speak as a Minister of the Crown opened the delightful prospect of hearing what the Ministry intended to do for the future, or at least of hearing what Mr. BRIGHT would try to make them do. We should suppose that very few of those who came with high expectations went away disappointed. They listened to a speech full of animation, choicely worded, admirably arranged. Mr. BRIGHT candidly owned that he had no secrets to tell, and he took care so to speak as not to pledge his colleagues. But he spoke like a man occupying a great position, and knowing that he occupied it. He appeared as the kind critic and wise friend of the Government quite as much as a member of it. He meant to make a great party speech, and he made it. He praised the Liberals and he ridiculed the Conservatives, but he managed to avoid the customary mode of handling the subject. He spoke of the great things done by the GLADSTONE Government; but he claimed approbation for them, not as isolated measures of legislation, but as expositions and recognitions of great principles. He combated the Conservatives not only as the opponents of all useful reforms during forty years, and as now aiming at power without having any notion of what to do with power if they attained it, but as specially unworthy to be trusted with the wide measures of electoral reform which, he suggested, the next Parliament will have to deal with. Nor was the future programme of the Ministry passed over; and Mr. BRIGHT hinted, vaguely perhaps, but still pointedly enough to make delightful hopes spring in the breasts of some of his hearers, that the claims of free land and a free breakfast-table could not and would not be forgotten. But then his audience wished Mr. BRIGHT to do something more than exalt the Ministry and reveal its principles and its plans. They came to hear not only a member of the Government, but Mr. BRIGHT, and there was plenty in the speech to satisfy them. The personal element never disappeared from the speaker's utterances. He offered as his personal opinion the suggestion that England had better quit the Gold Coast altogether. He informed his audience that he knew nothing of the Education Bill before it was proposed or while it was being discussed, and that he heartily disapproved it, although, with a tender recollection of what was due to a colleague, he protested that he did not believe Mr. FORSTER understood at the time the mischief he was doing. Mr. BRIGHT even allowed it to be known that he had a scheme of his own, which he did not explain, whereby all the evils which he attributed to the working of the 25th Clause might be removed without any one of any party being harmed. And then, finally, he constantly let his hearers understand that he was after all a remarkably safe and reasonable man, one to whom gentle reforms, not violent revolutions, are dear, and inspired the agreeable persuasion that to walk in his steps was to tread the path of patience and wisdom.

Mr. BRIGHT's speech, therefore, deserves the highest praise if it is considered merely with reference to the imme-

diate purposes for which it was spoken. But if we turn to look at it as a manifesto of the more advanced section of the Government, addressed to the nation at large, there is much in it to suggest serious misgivings. Mr. BRIGHT laughed at the Conservatives for not having a policy, but he may possibly have done much towards helping them to have a policy. His new theory of the principal measures of the Government being embodiments of great general principles is full of danger to the electioneering prospects of the Liberal party. He sees in the disestablishment of the Irish Church an embodiment of the great general principle that Churches may be conveniently disestablished. This does not at all correspond with the language held by the Ministry while the Irish Church Act was under discussion. Then we were told that the case of the Irish Church was a purely exceptional one. It was because it was not in any proper sense an established Church, but a Church forced by a minority on a majority as a symbol of conquest, that Parliament was asked to interfere. In the same way Mr. BRIGHT regards the Irish Land Act as a typical instance of the realization of the great and general truth that Parliament is to attend, not only to the interests of the landowners, but to the interests of the lower orders. Mr. GLADSTONE gave an entirely different account of his measure when he introduced and defended it. Irish land was, according to his view, to be dealt with in an extraordinary manner simply because the history and fortunes of Irish land were altogether extraordinary, because everything relating to it was so confused, and Irishmen were so incapable of understanding or abiding by their ordinary legal rights and duties, that Parliament must step in, cut the knot, and give all parties a fresh start. Mr. BRIGHT's new version of the history of these two measures is as likely to help the Conservatives as anything could be. These Irish Acts have been their great difficulty. They opposed them while the country at large was enthusiastic for them, and the memory of this opposition has weighed heavily both on them and on the country. They cannot think of proposing to repeal the Acts that have been passed; they are obliged to wander into deserts of controvertible statistics if they wish to show that the Acts have not done all the good which it was prophesied they would do. But now they may ask that their opposition to these measures shall be regarded in a new light. They may fairly say that what they protest against is that measures shall be presented to Parliament as exceptional, and then, when carried, shall be assumed to have established general principles. In this way, they may urge, the nation is betrayed into sanctioning what it does not mean to sanction, and their policy will be to try to prevent anything of the same kind happening for the future. This is certainly only a negative policy, but it is a negative policy of a specific and telling kind. It aims at putting a stop to a particular mode of conducting public affairs which the party considers dangerous and unworthy of the country. It raises a distinct issue between men who conduct public business in one way and men who conduct it in another, and this is exactly the issue which the Conservatives want to have raised at the next general election.

Mr. BRIGHT's speech is also very unsatisfactory in another way. He told his hearers that the Education Act had failed because Parliament and the Ministry had taken up the subject before it had been sufficiently under the discussion of the country at large. Whether this is a true account of the history of that Act is another matter; but every one will agree that it is dangerous when a Ministry and Parliament seem to say to themselves that they will do something grand with regard to such a matter as national education without having any real mastery of the problem

to be solved. But this is unfortunately exactly the way in which Mr. BRIGHT seems to approach those political questions which he tells us are ripe for settlement. He entirely declined to go into speculative politics; he would only notice matters on which speedy legislation was desirable and possible. The direction in which of all others he thinks it easy and practicable to legislate is that of enabling poor men to better themselves by becoming owners of land. He thought that the present system under which big landholders and big farmers exclusively flourish does not give the labourer a fair chance, and at the same time he carefully guarded himself against seeming to wish unfairly to sacrifice existing interests. But he gave no sort of hint as to what measures could be devised to give the labourer a chance of bettering himself by becoming the owner of land. He seemed to desire to get the credit, or at least to afford himself the pleasing prospect, of doing something grand for the labourer, without having first discussed with himself how this is to be done. His views on the Game-laws were equally hazy. He asked whether it was not monstrous that game should not be the absolute property of the tenant. Game is not the absolute property of any one, and Mr. BRIGHT would perhaps not be very much inclined to help to pass a law making it so; but the tenant has by law the right of killing it on the land he hires, and he usually sells this right to the landlord. If Mr. BRIGHT had put his question accurately, he would have asked whether it was not monstrous that a tenant should forego for a pecuniary consideration his right of killing game found on his land. But then the question would have been rather bald and tame. It is impossible not to see that in all the part of his speech which referred to the programme of the Ministry Mr. BRIGHT allowed himself to fall into the dangerous practice, too common among advanced Liberals, but distressing and offensive to moderate men, of treating questions calculated to excite the hopes and passions of humble men in a broad general way, so as to leap at once to an imaginary goal of good government without any sign being given that the real difficulties of the subject have been considered and surmounted. There is something hollow and pretentious in the proposal so to legislate as to make the condition of the labourer better by enabling him to become on easy terms the owner of land, unless we find that the author of the proposal has thought out the preliminary question whether any laws, not spoliatory, can effect this, and whether, if they could, the position of the labourer would be bettered. What we want a speaker on the Game-laws to do is not to ask whether facts inaccurately stated are not monstrous, but to show us that the stringent laws of trespass which must replace the Game-laws would not be a greater practical inconvenience. Those who want this kind of enlightenment before they are attracted by schemes of reform will find nothing in Mr. BRIGHT's utterances to satisfy them; and one consequence will be, that however much they may admire Mr. BRIGHT's speech in many ways, they will be obliged to confess with regret that no signs are to be gathered from it that the Government has before it a programme of wise and defensible improvements.

#### THE PARLIAMENTARY COUP D'ÉTAT.

THE Count of CHAMBORED has been caught at Salzburg, and has given such satisfactory assurances to his pursuers that the restoration of the Monarchy is to be proposed as soon as the Assembly meets. This is not the time to examine the nature and value of the concessions which have thus at the eleventh hour been extracted from the heir of the BOURBONS. It may be assumed for the sake of argument that they are all that the most constitutionally minded Orleanist can desire. No virtue that can be attributed to them will avail to make the action of the Royalists anything else than a conspiracy. It will in all probability be a conspiracy carried out under Parliamentary forms. The resolution declaring France an hereditary, national, and constitutional Monarchy will be introduced, debated, and voted on in a strictly regular way, and the proposed Restoration will not be attempted unless the division list shows a majority in its favour. Here no doubt are all the technicalities of Parliamentary procedure, and though the devotion of the army to Marshal MACMAHON is beginning to be paraded with unnecessary and suspicious frequency, we will concede that they will be rigidly adhered to. But the

spirit and substance of Parliamentary procedure will be wanting all the same. The Monarchy will be imposed upon France by the vote of an Assembly which, judging from the recent elections, does not represent France.

It is so important to a clear appreciation of the morality of the Royalist policy to keep this fact in view, that we shall set out the proof of it, even at the cost of some repetition. In the first place, there is the steady drift of the partial elections since 1871. That the majority of the candidates returned while M. THIERS was in power were favourable to the Government meant nothing so long as there had been no election under his successor. It used to be said that in France the Government for the time being always carries the electors with it, and though M. THIERS gave the constituencies much more liberty than they were accustomed to look for, the habit of obedience was supposed to be strong enough to secure the accustomed result. The elections of the 12th of October have placed the partial elections that preceded them in a new aspect. French constituencies do not, it appears, always support the Government of the day. The principal quarrel the Conservatives had with M. THIERS was that he allowed improper candidates to be returned. They refused to believe his assurances that he had no part or voice in the matter; he might, they insisted, have had a determining voice in it had he chosen. This is pretty good evidence that when the Conservatives came into power they did not neglect the instrument which they had accused M. THIERS of neglecting. There can be no doubt that ever since the 24th of May the Prefects have been working their hardest to bring the voters in their several departments to look at public affairs from the Ministerial point of view. The elections of Sunday week show how entirely they have failed in this, and their failure has further shown that the Republican character of so many previous elections had a significance which at the time was not attributed to it. The second proof that the Assembly does not represent France is the determination of the Royalist party not to put the question to the test. It is not to be supposed that men like the Duke of BROGLIE or Count DARU—men who have been Constitutional Liberals from the time they first cared for politics down to the 24th of May last—would not gladly assure themselves that they have the country at their back if such an assurance could by any means be obtained. Even the thoroughgoing Legitimists, though they care nothing about the feeling of the electors and might like to see Parliaments altogether abolished, would still be glad to throw the consent of the nation at their adversaries if they thought that it was theirs to throw. Indeed the importance which, at the time of the change of Government, the Conservatives attached to the management of the elections, and the volley of circulars to Prefects with which M. BEULÉ celebrated his entrance upon office, seem to show that the original intention of the party was to bring the electors to a right frame of mind, and then to dissolve in the certainty of obtaining a large Royalist majority. Now that they have had time to survey the ground, they see that such a consummation is beyond their reach, and they have consequently made up their minds to do their best with the Assembly that they have. But we may be sure that nothing but the doubt whether a new Assembly would serve their purpose could have led them to take this course. M. JOHN LEMOINNE argues that there is nothing in the plea that the Assembly does not represent France, because it was never raised when the late Government proposed that the Assembly should consolidate the Republic. This argument is disposed of by the fact that the Republicans were at all times willing to abide by the issue of a general election. If they recognized the competence of the present Assembly to make the Republic, it was because the Conservative party objected to entrusting the task to another Assembly.

A Parliamentary Restoration the promoters of which are perfectly aware that the Legislature to which they appeal does not represent the constituencies is nothing better than a Parliamentary *coup d'état*. The prostitution of Parliamentary forms to secure a result which is known to be opposed to the wishes of those by whom the Parliament has been returned only makes the manœuvre more indecent. When NAPOLEON packed the deputies off to Mazas, he had two excuses which are wanting to the present Conservative majority. He was an avowed disbeliever in the virtue of Parliamentary government, and he intended to appeal to the nation in a way which, irregular and unreal as it was, was still preferable to the present scheme of silencing the nation



altogether. If the Assembly had really represented France, and had thereupon been sent about its business by the Royalists, the insult to the nation would have been no greater than it is when the Royalists use an Assembly which does not represent France as a convenient instrument for the accomplishment of their plans. The condemnation incurred by those who lend themselves to this conspiracy must be unequally distributed among the three factions which make up the Royalist party. In this apportionment of blame the Legitimists come off easily. To be sure they are prepared to become themselves and to make their countrymen the slaves of HENRY V., but much may be forgiven to men who honestly believe that such a servitude is really the noblest freedom. They at least have falsified no past professions; and if they condescend to work out their purposes through the agency of an Assembly which is representative only in name, they can plead that, as their principles do not bind them to consult anything but their Sovereign's pleasure, all that they do over and above is a matter of grace, and as such not to be criticized. The Orleanists have no such excuse to offer. They claim to be Constitutional Royalists—Royalists, that is, who regard the consent of the governed as an element of equal importance with the will of the governor. The founders and supporters of the Monarchy of July must be acquitted of cherishing any special reverence for legitimacy or hereditary succession. Their natural chiefs have for many years been understood to entertain no ambition beyond that of holding themselves at the disposal of France, if France should ever call for their services. There was nothing in these antecedents to justify an expectation that either Princes or followers would become accomplices in an attempt to make France once more a Monarchy through the agency of a fortuitous concurrence of deputies who know that they would lose their seats if any unforeseen ill fortune should force them to face their constituents. The Conservatives have been accustomed to say, with some reason, that the late Government of National Defence was founded by men whose sole title to be makers of governments was the accident that they happened on the 4th of September to be loitering near the Hôtel de Ville instead of on the Boulevards or in the Champs Élysées. The hereditary national and constitutional Monarchy will be founded, if founded at all, by men whose only title to be makers of governments is the accident that they were elected in February 1871 to conclude a peace with the Germans. This is the sort of Restoration which the apostles of constitutional liberty in France have brought themselves to consent to, or rather to further. The Legitimists alone could never have raised the Count of CHAMBORD to the throne. If he wears the crown at all, it will be the hand of the Count of PARIS that has placed it on his head. If the grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE will not reign over unwilling subjects, he has seemingly no objection to help another pretender to reign over unwilling subjects. "Qui facit per alium facit per se" is a maxim which has no meaning in his eyes. If the Orleanists carry off the prize for self-stultification in this singular competition, the prize for folly pure and simple must be assigned to those Conservatives who, caring nothing for Monarchy, but a great deal for their own security, think that they will find it under the shelter of a throne which will have no better foundation than a strict party vote in an Assembly which does not even reproduce the distribution of parties out of doors. A Restoration of this kind is an undesigned invitation to future adventurers to try whether a throne so easily founded may not be as easily overthrown. If any respect is paid to the idol which the Assembly will soon be asked to set up, it will be paid, not to the decree of the Legislature, but to the bayonets which the Executive that controls the Legislature is known to hold in reserve. To-day the troops obey Marshal MACMAHON, and Marshal MACMAHON obeys the Assembly. To-morrow they may obey some other commander, and that other commander may obey his own ambition. This is the contingency upon a contingency to which the Monarchical Conservatives are prepared to trust the future of France.

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON LIBERAL POLICY.

A POWERFUL writer in the *Quarterly Review* has undertaken to answer the challenge addressed by Liberal speakers to the Conservative party to declare their policy. The reply is rather a counter attack than a defensive statement. The party which instinctively and habitu-

ally distrusts proposals of political change can scarcely be expected to announce large and comprehensive reforms. Sir ROBERT PEEL indeed remodelled the finances and the commercial policy of the country; but the greater part of the work which he commenced is already accomplished; and his acknowledged successor in the direction of fiscal policy is the chief of the present Government. As long as Mr. GLADSTONE continues to regulate taxation for the general interest without political preference of one class to another, no other financier will command equal confidence. The essay in the *Quarterly* perhaps scarcely represents the opinions or wishes of the Opposition; for the writer would apparently be perfectly contented that the present Ministers should remain in office, if only they would repudiate the policy of their extreme Liberal allies. Of the particular blunders and the personal scandals which have from time to time thrown temporary discredit on some of the Ministers, the Reviewer speaks with commendable indifference. He perhaps underrates the effect of the reflected unpopularity of some members of the Government; but it is certainly not a reason for a great political change that the subordinates in one or two departments dislike the head of the office, or that deputations have been received with insufficient courtesy. The constituencies care little or nothing for the faults of manner or of temper which sometimes alienate supporters and encourage opponents in the House of Commons. Lord PALMERSTON during his first term of office as Prime Minister was tempted by the elation of success to assume a careless and supercilious demeanour which was the principal cause of his defeat in 1858. On his return to power in the following year he had the good sense to avoid a repetition of his former blunder; and from that time to the end of his life he was as popular in Parliament as in the country. If some of his successors are not equally capable of profiting by experience, they may feel confident that the result of a general election will never be determined by personal considerations. The majority in the House of Commons likes Mr. DISRAELI, but it declines to give him its vote.

The most sagacious observer would at the present moment be the first to acknowledge the impossibility of anticipating the result of the next appeal to the constituencies. It may be conjectured from the Ministerial victories at Bath and Taunton that the licensed victuallers are no longer implacable, having indeed sufficiently proved to their former assailants that they are not to be disturbed with impunity. At both places the successful candidates were moderate in their professions, and perhaps they may be still more moderate in their political tendencies. Neither Mr. HATTEY nor the SOLICITOR-GENERAL desires to subvert the institutions of the country; but the average elector draws no nice distinctions among members who bear a common designation. Mr. JAMES and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are both nominally Liberals, although their opinions differ far more widely than those of the majority and minority in the House of Commons. As it was necessary for the interpretation of NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S dream that the dream itself should be first known, the significance of the next general election will depend on the questions raised between the contending parties; and it rests with Mr. GLADSTONE to settle the issues. It may be taken for granted, notwithstanding the injudicious bid which was lately made for the suffrages of Whitty, that no direct attack on the Established Church is at present in contemplation. Notwithstanding unauthorized disclaimers by private Secretaries and junior Lords of the Treasury, Mr. GLADSTONE'S answer to Mr. MIALI was evidently sincere as well as vigorous. It is far more likely that the Government may select as the occasion for dissolving Parliament some measure which will injuriously affect landowners. As the writer in the *Quarterly* justly remarks, a limitation of the power of devise and settlement would be less likely to attract popular favour than an interference between landlords and tenants. No measure which fell short of the introduction of the French rule of compulsory distribution would materially affect the devolution of land, nor is any special class interested in preventing the settlement of real or personal property on unborn children. Theorists only appreciate the public advantage of bringing land more frequently into the market, and they are not agreed among themselves as to the operation of the present law or custom. Tenant-farmers, on the other hand, form a definite and powerful body; and if they were offered, like the small Irish occupiers, a share in the

property of the landlords, they would probably not refuse the boon; yet the agitation of Mr. ARCH and his coadjutors will render the farmers suspicious of even plausible innovations. Fixity of tenure, as it is advocated by Mr. J. HOWARD and others, could only be established by an act of legislative spoliation; and when the principle of transferring property for the public benefit was once admitted, the labourers would have equally plausible claims to prefer against the farmers. Another mode of attack upon landowners might be a proposal for the readjustment, to their injury, of local or general taxation. In dealing with schemes for the arbitrary exemption of certain kinds of property from national imposts, Mr. GLADSTONE's sense of justice would be reinforced by his scientific conscience as a master of economy and finance. Even if he were in some unexplained manner to become careless of right and wrong, he would still retain a sense of symmetry and a repugnance to fiscal anomalies. It is more probable that he will make an effort to throw the burden of local taxation on landlords than that he will make them pay Income-tax for brewers and bankers as well as for themselves. Mr. GOSCHEN's unjust measure of 1871 was introduced with the sanction of the PRIME MINISTER; and Mr. GLADSTONE, as well as Mr. GOSCHEN himself, has often referred to the subject in a tone of taunt and menace.

The general election will perhaps turn rather on the political alliances which the Minister may contract and proclaim than on any special measure. If he bids for the support of Mr. LEATHAM and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he will be held to have virtually pledged himself to all the subversive doctrines which are embodied in their favourite formula. Free Church, which means the abolition of the Church; free land, in the sense of expropriation of landowners; free schools, with compulsory secular education; and free labour, which has at present no definite meaning, may possibly find favour with the constituencies created in 1867 and voting by ballot; but no extreme Liberal has for some time past been returned for any vacant seat; and it is scarcely probable that the Government will pledge itself to a series of revolutionary measures. The extension of the household franchise to counties, though, in accordance with Mr. DISRAELI's policy, it has been but faintly resisted by the Conservatives, would be in the highest degree distasteful, and even alarming, to the tenant-farmers; nor could the tradesmen in the towns regard with complacency a large increase in the electoral power of the working classes. It will be difficult for the Government to propose any considerable change which will not offend some of its former supporters. A year or two ago one of the present Ministers candidly declared that it was essential to the Liberal party to devise new measures for the purpose of justifying its own existence. Later experience has perhaps suggested a doubt whether it is prudent, in default of definite schemes, to create a general feeling of uneasiness among those who have anything to lose. It was said, perhaps with some exaggeration, that one careless speech in which Mr. GOSCHEN wantonly denounced corporate endowments alienated from the cause of the Government large numbers of its most intelligent supporters. The apparent object of the writer in the *Quarterly* is to persuade the moderate Liberals that it is their duty to impress their own policy on the leaders of the party; but the appeal to their reason and their interests is made in a sarcastic tone which indicates little hope of success. In Parliament the large body of Ministerial supporters which detests free land and all the other newfangled phrases about freedom may take many opportunities of applying to the Government a pressure which is not perhaps always unwelcome. At a general election, unfortunately, a candidate must, in spite of conventional professions of independence, echo the party cry, on pain of being regarded as a deserter. It is perhaps hard on conscientious electors that they should have to choose between the followers of Mr. DISRAELI, whom they perhaps profoundly distrust, and the pledged supporters of any policy which it may please Mr. GLADSTONE to adopt on the spur of the moment; but the embarrassing dilemma could only be avoided by a change in the characters of political leaders. It was long since said of Sir ROBERT PEEL that he had conferred on his adherents an inestimable benefit by teaching them how to remain Tories without being fools. Lord PALMERSTON at a later period performed a not dissimilar service to Liberals who sincerely cared for freedom and were exempt from bigoted attachment to abuses, while

at the same time they utterly objected to political or social revolution. The House of Lords contains two statesmen either of whom might fitly represent and guide rational Conservatives or temperate Liberals; but it unluckily happens that peers are removed from the political centre of gravity.

#### GREECE.

THE veteran friend and censor of the Greeks, who has long been accustomed to record their miscarriages in the hope of correcting their political errors, has lately published in the columns of the *Times* an instructive summary of Greek history since the attainment of independence. It is doubtful whether any alternative system of government could in the circumstances of the case have been established or maintained; but a centralized democracy, alternating with despotism founded on corruption, has produced unsatisfactory and inglorious results. In other fields of activity the modern Greeks have given ample proof of ability and versatile energy. Before and since the War of Independence Greeks have held high positions in the Ottoman Empire; the race has long been distinguished in maritime enterprise, and their merchants compete on equal terms in Manchester and London with the most successful native capitalists. It is only at home that the Greeks fail in producing the prosperity of which their country is capable; and yet they cannot be accused of deficiency in patriotic aspirations. The so-called Great Idea, or dream of creating a Greek Empire in South-Eastern Europe, might have been thought a proof of laudable ambition if it had only been justified by the preliminary condition of political superiority to all neighbouring races. The wonderful civilization of ancient Greece, appropriated and used by a conqueror of surpassing genius, rendered possible the establishment of the Macedonian kingdoms which maintained themselves for centuries in Asia and Egypt. At a later period the Byzantine Empire, notwithstanding its Roman origin, became after some generations essentially and exclusively Greek. Of the two dominant nations of the ancient world the more brilliant and intellectual was only second to Rome in the faculty of political organization. The small city of Athens produced a succession of statesmen who might have governed the world; and the later rulers of the East inherited their supremacy from the fellow-citizens of THEMISTOCLES, of PERICLES, and of DEMOSTHENES. The Greeks of the present day come too late to revive the primitive tradition; but, like their remote ancestors, they are surrounded by less cultivated nations to which they might furnish an example of orderly and efficient administration. It was not by talking about great ideas that ALEXANDER undertook and partially accomplished the fusion of Greeks and Asiatics into one political community.

Every spot which was selected for the foundation of an ancient Greek colony was an encroachment on the region of barbarism. The cities which studded the coasts of Thrace, of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, and of Italy were, under numerous varieties of political constitution and in spite of intestine feuds, centres of culture to their respective districts. The only territory which has in recent times been added to the kingdom of Greece has lost the good government and prosperity which it enjoyed down to the date of the cession. There were plausible arguments, and also sound reasons, for the retirement of England from the Protectorate of the Ionian Islands. The Government probably recognized the advantage of being relieved from an onerous duty; but the reluctant consent of the English nation was only obtained on the suggestion that the union of the islands with the continental kingdom would satisfy the longings and promote the welfare of the Greek nation. It is difficult not to regard with complacency the poetical justice of the retribution which has fallen on the respectable classes of Corfu and the other islands. The merchants and landowners had long attempted to combine the benefits derived from just and regular administration with the popularity which was cheaply won by affected assent to the doctrines of separatist demagogues. The sheep protested in concert with the wolves against the usurpation of intrusive watchdogs, and the flock now experiences the results which follow from the withdrawal of the guardians of the fold. The decay of the Ionian Islands might still be arrested if the Greeks had sufficient wisdom and courage to establish a vigorous Government. Instead of attempting to preserve the sound and beneficent admi-



nistration which was left them by the English, the Greeks thought fit to concentrate their energies on a project for the further extension of their territory by piratical attacks on the Turkish dominions. To a certain extent they can play at aggressive war without danger of retaliation, because the European Powers would, as they know, not permit the reconquest by a Mahometan Power of any portion of Greece. In Epirus or in Crete the Turks are forced, notwithstanding their military and maritime superiority, to content themselves with the suppression of the insurrections which are periodically fomented by their petty and troublesome neighbour.

The advice which is once more offered to the Greeks by one of their best and most judicious friends is the same which they have neglected for the last half-century. Before they aim at national aggrandizement, they ought to suppress brigandage, to make roads and bridges, to discontinue or moderate, if possible, the incessant struggle for place, and to abolish the oppressive system of taxation which hampers agriculture without producing equivalent advantage to the treasury. The obsolete practice of levying taxes on farm produce in kind involves still graver inconvenience than the discouragement of enterprise. To prevent frauds on the revenue, it is thought necessary to place all harvest operations under the control of Government officers, as the simpler processes of a distillery are in this country subjected to the inspection of excisemen. A farmer who pays a higher tax in proportion to the goodness of his crop, and who cannot reap or carry without official permission, is not likely to undertake profitable experiments, or to make the most of his land. When the crop is secured, it must either be consumed in the immediate neighbourhood, or taken to market on the backs of beasts of burden; and perhaps it may also be necessary for the owner to pay a portion of the proceeds to some robber chief who pursues his trade with ease and convenience in a trackless region. A few of the members of the profession were a few years ago happily expended in the civil war in Crete, but since that time some of the most notorious outrages, including the tragic affair of Marathon, have been perpetrated with impunity. For the moment the virulence of the social plague has diminished, and it seems that some branches of industry, such as the cultivation of the currant vine, are pursued with success in the neighbourhood of towns. The vicious nature of the system of rural taxation has been curiously illustrated by a recent reduction of fifty per cent., which afforded no practical relief to the farmers. The vexatious interference of the tax-gatherer was still indispensable, and ultimately the former rate was re-established without serious opposition or remonstrance. Although money payments are unwillingly made in Greece, as in other Eastern countries, it can scarcely be impracticable to substitute fixed imposts for tithes or proportions of produce.

The most creditable part of the administrative policy of Greece has been the encouragement of education, which must have developed the natural intelligence of the people. The same cause has unfortunately created a large body of political adventurers who are incessantly contending with one another for office and power. As there is no aristocracy in Greece, the Constitution is necessarily founded on the assumption of universal equality; but the secret of establishing a really representative Assembly has not yet been discovered. The KING, who has now attained full maturity, possesses larger prerogatives than ordinary constitutional sovereigns; and he would be supported by national opinion in any well-considered exertion of his power for the public advantage. When the Greeks succeed in learning and practising the art of government, they may still hope to influence the future destinies of the East, if the decay of the Ottoman Empire should end in its collapse and disruption. For the present their ambitious schemes are checked by the effects of an ecclesiastical schism. The people of Greece are neither fanatical nor priest-ridden, but historical causes have to a certain extent identified the interests of the Church and the nation. In consequence of jealousies which it is unnecessary to examine minutely, the Bulgarians have lately discarded their religious allegiance to the Greek Patriarch; and the sectarian dispute may perhaps be part of a Slavonic movement which would be hostile to Greek pretensions. It can no longer be assumed even by orators and political agitators that the Greeks would be the necessary successors of the present rulers of the old Byzantine dominions. The Russians have of late years directed their efforts to a union

under their own supremacy of the Slavonic tribes in the Turkish and in the Austro-Hungarian dominions. Patriotic Greeks can have no desire to see their traditional capital absorbed in the Russian Empire, nor will they be inclined to promote disturbances in Turkey for the benefit of their Slavonic rivals. An interval of tranquillity may perhaps induce them to employ themselves in domestic reforms.

#### THE OXFORD UNION.

EVERY body of men in these days finds some occasion to celebrate its doings and advertise its existence; and as an undergraduate Debating Society has now gone on for fifty years at Oxford, it is natural that this should be considered as entitling it to hold what is termed a Jubilee. Eton led the way in cultivating the art or amusement of debating, and when clever Eton debaters got to Oxford, they missed their customary pleasure, and organized a Society where they might go on talking with the increased experience and enthusiasm of early manhood. This infant Society started with some disadvantages and some striking advantages. Its founders or early members had difficulty in securing a place of meeting; they were frowned on by the University authorities, they had no very clear conception of their own purposes, and they quarrelled bitterly among themselves. On the other hand, they happened to be a set of young men of extraordinary promise, and many of them were born in a position which ensured future distinction. At a time when the Society had been rather less than ten years in existence, the happy fortune of the Union gathered together a set of youths who were exceptionally distinguished as undergraduates, and who have since made their names known to every Englishman. As forty years have elapsed, these young orators are now between sixty and seventy, and have therefore attained the age when fame and reputation are most firmly established. Two of the most conspicuous of them, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, were not present at the Jubilee meeting, and so little, even in a debating society, are the claims of brilliant debaters thought paramount, that when the LORD CHANCELLOR regretted the absence of the PRIME MINISTER, his expressions of regret were received with some marks of disapprobation. But the heroic period of the Union was well represented by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the CHANCELLOR, Archbishop MANNING, and Mr. CARDWELL. The Union never at any subsequent period rivalled the splendours of those early days; but it has always gone on sometimes rising and sometimes falling in the success of its debates. By degrees the Society established itself in a position which made it secure of a comfortable existence independent of the fluctuations of rhetorical success. It was transformed into a well-managed club with an excellent library, the treasures of which were made available by the permission to members to take books to their colleges. Most of its members enjoyed the privileges of reading in comfort every conceivable newspaper and periodical, of writing on gorgeous note-paper letters which the Society stamped for them, and borrowing some useful and many entertaining books, without giving more than a passing thought to the debates which had once been the keystone of the Union. Still the debates went on, and, as they offered practice of no inconsiderable value for speakers who wished subsequently to shine in Parliament or at the Bar, there was never wanting a series of torchbearers to hand on the lamp of oratory; and the Society at its gathering was able to see in the presence of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, LORD SALISBURY, and Mr. GOSCHEN a sign that it had continued to supply from among its own most distinguished members men who had subsequently shown that they could distinguish themselves in the higher arenas of real debate.

An instructive and pleasantly written paper in *Macmillan's Magazine* has lately given an opportune history of the Union in its early days of greatness; and some amusement is naturally awakened when we read in its pages the fierce Tory utterances of speakers who have since become famous as Liberals. But the opinions of young men fresh from public schools are necessarily of little value, and are based on imagination, or home sympathies, or traditions. Until recently the vast majority of undergraduates were the sons of clergymen and landowners, and the members of the Union came to hear or make speeches hot with the affections and prepossessions of the classes to which they belonged by birth. Those who opposed the current of undergraduate

opinion were animated by the opposition they excited, and cheered by the reflection that the public outside the body they were addressing was generally on their side. Hence the Union has enjoyed the possession of one of the cardinal elements of a good debating society—the interest of the audience in the subjects discussed, and its admiration and detestation of opposite principles. Lord SALISBURY referred with some pathos to the different experience of his later life, and pitied the CHANCELLOR, who was one of the most fiery and outrageous politicians of the Union, for having now to preside over an assembly where no one takes any interest in anything. The reputation of the Union speakers of that great time has always stimulated the debaters of succeeding generations, and thus the Union speakers have enjoyed the double advantage of addressing an audience that wished to see an ancient fame maintained, and that could be readily transported with the facile enthusiasm of prejudice. The bulk of undergraduates have generally kept away from the debates either because they found the process of listening dreary beyond endurance, or because they regarded discussions as idle which were to be closed by the voting of youthful partisans. Study or amusement, too, occupies a large portion of the thoughts and time of young men, and it is only in a very limited sense that study can be said to be fostered or amusement provided by the Union debates. Those, however, who, from a natural aptitude for speaking, or with a private view to their own subsequent advancement, took a leading part in the debates were amply rewarded. They were training themselves in a school of public speaking, and in many respects the school was a very good one. They had to get up a subject with some care; they had to face a hostile or captivate an approving audience; they acquired fluency, and they attained some knowledge of the chief secret of oratory—the art of expanding, for the sake of an audience, a proposition or sentiment which the speaker knows might be compressed in a very few words. They also, as Mr. CARDWELL in his speech justly pointed out, learnt to command their tempers, and control themselves into a precarious and fugitive civility towards rivals or adversaries. But the greatest of all the gains which accrued to them was that they thus acquired in early life the habit of listening with patience to the speeches of other people. The great drawback to all forms of life in which public speaking plays a principal part is the intolerable weariness of having to listen hour after hour to speeches when the hearer foresees throughout exactly what the speaker is going to say and how he is going to say it. To overcome the weariness and dislike which this fatal foresight engenders is one of the first conditions of success in public life. The lawyer or member of Parliament who desires to shine finds the acquisition of this power of endurance as indispensable as the noble savage finds the acquisition of the art of wearing trousers and a tall hat if he wishes to share in the blessings of civilization. And it cannot be denied that the Union offers an excellent school in this respect. The young gentlemen who speak are generally the same, and their fancies, their principles, and their delivery are perfectly familiar to all around them, while the impatient orator can, as a rule, speak but once in an evening, and the pains of a listener rather than the pleasures of a speaker fill up the bulk of his time.

The speakers at the Jubilee meeting found much to say about Oxford, but not much to say about the Union. There was in fact very little to say about it, except to recount the glories which gave it lustre forty years ago, and to insist that it helped young men to speak in public. Its advantages appear most obvious to those who feel sure that they will get an opportunity of speaking in public, and young men to whom birth or wealth gives a reasonable certainty of entering Parliament at an early age see the rewards of a Union training most distinctly before them. It is not therefore wonderful that among old Union speakers there should be many whom the chances of life have wafted into early distinction or notoriety; and the fact that what was sure to happen had happened afforded a pleasant theme to most of the Jubilee speakers who cared to touch on the Union at all. Not but that some of the speakers did their utmost to bring in the Union at any hazard, and Mr. GOSCHEN, more especially, in returning thanks for the navy, managed to connect his remote subject with the debating society of which he felt bound to speak, by dwelling on the interesting fact that during the fifty years celebrated by the Jubilee the Union had never once taken the navy as a subject of

discussion. Some of the remarks made during the course of the evening on Oxford as apart from its debating society were not without interest, and especially those of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Lord SALISBURY. But the simple thought that seems to have occurred to most of the speakers was that, just as the best Union speakers had in many instances become distinguished public speakers, so too many Oxford undergraduates of all kinds had been distinguished in various ways; and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL made a very successful speech while proving in graceful and spirited language the truth of a proposition so gratifying to his hearers. If the Cambridge Union in its turn thinks fit to hold a Jubilee or any festival to which it likes to give a name, a Cambridge speaker will find it equally easy to show that many distinguished men of recent days have been educated at Cambridge. To make the most natural things seem wonderful when an audience feels pleasure in believing them to be extraordinary is a legitimate stroke of after-dinner oratory. But if there is anything wonderful in the matter at all, it is not that many of the leading men of the day should have been trained at Universities which offer enormous rewards for intellectual excellence, for which all the public schools are nurseries, and which have been for centuries connected with the learned and aristocratic classes. It is that there should be so many leading men of the day who have not been trained in these favoured institutions. Lord SALISBURY, in attempting to account for the fact that Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, an old Oxford man, has established a reputation as a public speaker although he never took part in the Union debates, playfully suggested that it must be Mr. GATHORNE HARDY's "innate genius" that had done it. Perhaps this may be the explanation of the success of non-University men; and the nation at large may feel satisfaction at thinking that, apart from its two old Universities, it has seen several schools of training produce men of as much innate genius as Mr. HARDY.

#### MR. BRIGHT AND THE EDUCATION ACT.

MR. BRIGHT'S speech at Birmingham is the speech of a man who is accustomed to be frank, and is accustomed at the same time to measure his words. It is in this double light that what he said upon the Education question must be read. The disposition both of the avowed opponents of the Government and of its discontented supporters will be to make a great deal of Mr. BRIGHT'S condemnation of the Act of 1870. And certainly there is something strange in hearing a Cabinet Minister speaking of a measure framed by his colleagues as giving just offence to the Nonconformists, as embodying an evil principle and one that should not be continued, as making an attempt at educating the people in a way which it is not possible to render truly national or truly good. But the peculiar relation in which Mr. BRIGHT stands to the Education Act must be considered before the force of these phrases can be accurately estimated. Had he now entered the Cabinet for the first time, we do not think that he would have thought it necessary to be so open in his censure of the Education Act. A man who joins a Ministry is naturally disposed to dwell on his present agreement with it rather than on past disagreements. But Mr. BRIGHT was nominally a Minister when the Education Act was before Parliament, and he has been charged with inconsistency because he has condemned a measure in which it was assumed he must have had a hand. From this charge Mr. BRIGHT was anxious to clear himself. The fact that during the Session of 1870 he was not only too ill to take his place in the House of Commons or in Cabinet Councils, but also too ill to read the reports of the debates, or even to hear them read to him, enables him to do so completely. Whether under these circumstances he was well advised in remaining a member of the Government is another question, though in answering it it must be remembered that he did so to please his colleagues, not himself; but, whatever may be thought upon this point, it is impossible to fix him with any real responsibility for a statute the contents of which he never knew till after it had been passed. This natural anxiety to dissociate himself from the Education Act was just the feeling which would lead him to say all the harm of it that he could; and now that this harm has been said, it is equally natural that politicians who wish to see the education policy of the Government reversed, and politicians who wish to make the Government



suspected of an intention to reverse its educational policy, should quote Mr. BRIGHT as a witness on their side.

Those who really care to forecast what is likely to be the Ministerial line on the question will prefer to consider, not what meaning they would like Mr. BRIGHT's words to bear, but what meaning they necessarily must bear. Speaking where and to whom he did, he would be sure to go as far as possible in the direction which his hearers wished him to take. Speaking when and in the character he did, he would be sure to have weighed his words, and to intend them to convey nothing more than the minimum of significance which they will fairly carry. Mr. BRIGHT described the Education Act quite fairly when he called it "a Bill to encourage Denominational education, and, where that was impossible, to establish Board schools." This he holds to have been a wrong order of effort. It ought, in his opinion, "to have been a Bill to establish Board schools, and to offer inducements to those who were connected with Denominational schools to bring them under the control of the Board." This declaration shows, no doubt, that Mr. BRIGHT is opposed to the leading principle of the Act. But even if he had said nothing further, it would by no means follow that he wishes to see this principle reversed. Even Conservatives who object to Liberal legislation do not usually propose to abrogate it. They say that such or such a Bill did such or such a thing in such or such a way, whereas it ought to have done something else in a different way; but they do not insist upon undoing what has been done. A responsibility which does not fall upon a Conservative Minister with respect to the former measures of his opponents cannot be laid upon a Liberal Minister with respect to the former measures of his colleagues. No opposition could be more determined than that offered by Mr. GLADSTONE to the Ecclesiastical Titles Act or to the Divorce Act. But he has not attempted to repeal the latter, or refused to sit in the same Cabinet with the statesmen who defended the former. In this case, however, we are not left to mere inference as the foundation of our opinion as to Mr. BRIGHT's meaning. He said distinctly that the question "whether we are on the right track for a general sound public education for our children under the Denominational system or not must be left to further proof." Mr. BRIGHT thinks we are on the wrong track, and that experience will prove that we are on the wrong track. There are multitudes, he admits, who think we are on the right track, and that experience will prove that we are on the right track. Only time can show which of these two views is the true one. This is not the language of a man who intends to propose, much less to insist, that the educational policy of the Government shall be reversed. On the contrary, it is the language of a man who, while regretting that the experiment should have taken a particular shape, yet recognizes that the trial must be carried through now it has once been begun, and is willing to abide by the result. What he says comes after all to nothing more than this—that he thinks the Government took up the subject by the wrong end, and that "further experience and something like failure will before long force on Parliament a general reconsideration of the question." No reasonable advocate of the Education Act will quarrel with this way of stating the case. The Government had to make their choice in 1870 between, on the one hand, taking the existing system as their starting point and making provision for new schools where the voluntary schools failed to do the work, and, on the other hand, creating new schools universally and leaving the voluntary schools to get along as they best could. There was much to be said in favour of each alternative; and even those who hold that the Government were right in adopting the former may admit that the question was not free from doubt, and that, if it should turn out that the solution preferred was not the best, the ground will have to be gone over again. The strongest conviction that a particular policy will succeed is quite compatible with a confession that if it should fail it must be changed. Mr. BRIGHT leaves it to be decided by "further proof" whether his view or that of the multitudes who differ from him is the true one; and it will imply some secret distrust of their own conclusion if any of those multitudes quarrel with the test he proposes.

Upon the particular question what is to be done with the 25th Clause Mr. BRIGHT is exceedingly guarded. He says, in fact, two things, with one of which every friend of education will agree, while with the other every friend of education would be glad to agree. The first is, that it is desirable for

every party that something rather more like harmony should be introduced into the public action on the Education question. That is a statement not to be disputed. There is no one who really cares about elementary education but must be sick of the controversy about the 25th Clause. It turns up on every possible occasion, and absorbs the attention which ought to be given to more important subjects. Instead of discussing how all the children in the country are to be educated, half our time is spent in discussing who is to pay for the education of a certain small fraction of these children. Here and there local politicians who have talked themselves into a passion upon this question may close their ears to every suggestion of compromise, but Mr. BRIGHT is altogether in the right when he says that there are many "worthy and honourable men" on the Conservative side of the House of Commons, and, we believe, in the Conservative party out of doors, "who would be very glad to have some arrangement come to with respect to the clause." Unfortunately Mr. BRIGHT's other point is surrounded with more uncertainty. "I believe," he says, "there is a mode, and a simple and just mode, by which everything may be done—doing harm to nobody—that is now proposed to be done by the 25th Clause, and that clause might be absolutely repealed." As to this, all that need be said is that, if Mr. BRIGHT has a suggestion of this kind to make, he need not fear that either the Cabinet or Parliament or the country will be slow to welcome it. So many people before Mr. BRIGHT have thought the same thing, and found their proposal unacceptable to some section or other of those interested in the controversy, that we are not sanguine as to his success proving equal to his own expectations. But if he can point out a way in which the 25th Clause can be banished from the Act without either bearing hardly on indigent parents, or subjecting voluntary schools to a special tax, or saddling the ratepayers with a burden greater than they can bear, or at all events than they are likely to submit to, he will have earned the gratitude of all parties.

#### ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON THE POPE'S LETTER.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S defence of the POPE'S letter to the German EMPEROR will have much the same effect as the original document. His argument will be conclusive to those who are already convinced; and it will have no influence on opponents or on neutrals. The present policy of the German Government by no means commands universal assent in England; and if it had not been adopted by a Minister reputed to be the most sagacious of living statesmen, it would be generally condemned as impolitic. More than one generation has passed since it was thought prudent or justifiable for an English Government to engage in a serious conflict with any religious body; and the capricious exception to the established rule which was constituted by the absurd Ecclesiastical Titles Bill resulted in immediate failure and final retraction. It is commonly held that all lay and clerical bodies are entitled to cultivate any religious opinions which they may prefer; and experience has at least proved that it is judicious to tolerate heresies which cannot be suppressed. It is true that the doctrines which have of late years been associated in the United Kingdom with disaffection have been held by communities voluntarily organized. Prince BISMARCK, on the other hand, is engaged in a contest with an Established Church which holds its privileges and possessions on certain understood conditions. That the EMPEROR disclaims any possessive relation to the POPE is a fact which has no bearing on the position of the Roman Catholic Church in the kingdom of Prussia. In the Rhine provinces and in Prussian Poland the Church retains by law, or sometimes by treaty, the position which it held when those provinces were originally annexed to the monarchy. Although there have been occasional disputes, the Prussian Government has for the most part been on friendly terms with the POPE, who indeed recalls with regret the tone of the letters which he formerly received from the KING. The legislative and administrative measures which have lately been directed against the Roman Catholic clergy are founded on the assumption that they have themselves violated their express or implied contract with the State. The prosecution of SACHEVERELL offers a nearer analogy to the recent proceedings than the enactment or enforcement of the penal laws. The House of Commons was then defeated; and the early Hanoverian Kings were too weak or too indifferent to pursue a policy of interference with the Jacobite clergy, even if it had been pos-

able to allege or to prove that their antipathy to the Whigs was connected with any heterodox theory.

If Archbishop MANNING desired to enlist English feelings or prejudices on the side of the persecuted German Church, he ought to have relied on the commonplaces of Liberalism, and to have contended that the points in dispute belong exclusively to the theological domain. The infallibility of the POPE, whether it is a divine dogma or an impudent fiction, is a proposition of the supernatural or supermundane order; nor has it ever been apparent to impartial Protestants why the doctrine should trouble or concern any but those who are required to profess to believe it. If the Prussian Government denies that the Church which it has recognized held the new doctrine, the Roman Catholic clergy may reply that anything which a General Council may at any time propound is implicitly a part of the creed of the Church. It would be highly imprudent for a secular Government to engage in the controversy, with which divines may legitimately amuse their leisure, whether the Council of the Vatican was regular and Ecumenical. The real question is, whether the Church has lost its identity by adding one more straw to the load of the orthodox camel. Since every bishop in the Roman communion, with ninety-nine hundredths of the clergy and the vast majority of the laity, have, for reasons of their own, accepted the Vatican decrees, it is a waste of time for schismatic politicians to inquire into the soundness of their judgment. A protest against novelties introduced by successive Popes is tacitly involved in the denomination of Protestants. The dislike of the POPE and his clergy to the consolidation of the German Empire has no connexion with the dogma of infallibility, except by accidental coincidence in time. It is well known that zealous Roman Catholics in all parts of Europe, except in Germany itself, would have approved of the French declaration of war in 1870 if only it had been justified by success. It was nothing to the POPE or to the clergy that a wicked and wanton aggression had been committed against a heretic Government which was rapidly extending its power over Catholic populations. Prussian and German statesmen have every right to resent the unpatriotic policy of the clergy; but infallibility is out of their sphere. If Prince BISMARCK ultimately prevails, he may possibly have conferred a benefit on the Church as well as on the State; but it is doubtful whether he is consistent in prosecuting bishops for issuing excommunications without the consent of the civil power. It is the duty of the Government to take care that exclusion from the Church shall involve no civil disability; but the cases in which spiritual censures can conflict with temporal laws, though not inconceivable, are necessarily rare. Whether excommunication is justified in any particular case is a question beyond the competence of unassisted reason. No Southern intellect has ever comprehended the niceties of discipline which in Scotland separate religious bodies notwithstanding perfect unity of doctrine. Whether the sacraments ought to be refused to a penitent who thinks the POPE capable of error can only be known to theologians.

Archbishop MANNING ventures on uncertain ground when he affirms the absolute right of bishops to conduct the entire education of students destined for the priesthood. Every Catholic, as he mysteriously asserts, knows that a priest cannot without imminent danger be trained amongst laymen. In the days when the Church really controlled society the Catholic hierarchy was less squeamish. To the majority of Englishmen it seems that a distinct and secluded education is inherently vicious, and that no man can be fit to be a clergyman unless he has lived among laymen. A Roman Catholic prelate is of course at liberty to hold the modern doctrine, and in England, as in Ireland, he may enforce his principles without interference. It is not equally obvious that a Government is not entitled to require from the functionaries of an Established Church the possession of a certain amount of secular knowledge, and the guarantee which is furnished by a course of rational training. In spite of Liberal generalizations, no prudent Government will tolerate systematic disaffection on the part of an established hierarchy. It is fitting and proper that clerical students should learn, by intercourse with their equals, to be good subjects and German patriots before they are cooped up in seminaries to be fed with orthodox dogmas. In a country where the humblest servant of the State is required to undergo a special education, it seems reasonable that some similar condition should be imposed on the assumption of the clerical office. Where the clergy are

charged with the duty of registration, it is still more necessary that they should be subject to the supervision of secular authority. The indefeasible right of appealing to the POPE has always been largely modified in practice; but as long as the supreme judgment is, except for spiritual purposes, wholly inoperative, it seems inexpedient to restrict the communications between the bishops and the POPE. In the past ages of faith Englishmen almost unanimously opposed all direct exercise of Papal jurisdiction in their own country; but Archbishop MANNING addresses votaries who are infinitely more remote than Protestants from the faith of Englishmen under the PLANTAGENET Kings. It is true that he delicately compares the Emperor WILLIAM to the founder of the dynasty, although Prince BISMARCK and his sovereign are extremely unlikely either to murder the Archbishop of POSEN in his cathedral, or to submit to the subsequent penance which was inflicted on HENRY II. It was not necessary to vindicate before a sympathetic audience the sanctimonious acrimony of the POPE's letter, or the affronts to his august correspondent which probably formed the main purpose of the communication. In this instance PIUS IX. has condescended to borrow a form of insult from his own subordinates in Austria. Some years ago the Austrian prelates petitioned the EMPEROR to disregard a law which had been regularly passed by the Council of the Empire. The affectation of regarding an erring Monarch as an unwilling victim of his Parliament or his Ministers has been eagerly adopted by the POPE. To Englishmen the constitutional unity of a Government is at least as familiar a doctrine as any dogma can appear to a Roman Catholic divine. It is natural that the POPE, bred under a despotism, and himself a despot, should be incapable of understanding the conditions of political organization; but Archbishop MANNING can scarcely assume the existence of similar ignorance among his countrymen. His speech was probably intended rather to furnish his own co-religionists with plausible grounds of apology for the POPE than to influence the judgment of Protestants. English public opinion, even if it were wholly favourable to the German prelate, would have no effect on the policy of Prussia. In this conflict, even more than in ordinary political struggles, it will be found that nothing succeeds like success. If Prince BISMARCK should ultimately be defeated, or if the Roman Catholics of the Kingdom and of the Empire became permanently disaffected, his present policy will be condemned by posterity on other grounds than those which are assumed by the POPE and the Archbishop.

#### POLITICAL PORTENTS.

NOW that the spell of defeat which seemed to lie on the Ministerialists has been broken by the Bath and Taunton elections, the return of a Conservative in the place of a Liberal for Hull has lost much of the significance which it might otherwise have possessed. What made things look so black for the Ministry was, not so much that they were losing votes, as that they seemed to be repudiated with one consent all over the country. With such a majority as Mr. GLADSTONE still possesses, the losses of isolated elections count for little in themselves. It is only as an indication of the feeling of the country at large, as a forecast of a general election, that they are important. Nothing could be more absurd than the resolution attributed to the Government of staking a dissolution on the result of the Taunton election; but a defeat at Bath or Taunton would certainly have given a more serious aspect to the defeat at Hull. There would have been something ominous in the unbroken continuity of disaster, and the Ministry could not have ignored the apparent agreement of constituencies in uniformly rejecting Ministerial candidates wherever they appeared. It is true that what are called the Liberal victories are victories of a negative character. A general is hardly entitled to assume a very triumphant air merely because his guns and baggage have not been captured by the enemy; and the Liberals may be thankful that they have not lost a couple of seats which they already held without being too boastful about it. If the Bath and Taunton elections show that there was no general reaction against the Government, the Hull election would seem to show that, on the other hand, there has been no general reaction in its favour. A good deal probably turned on local influence at Hull, and in this respect the Conservatives had much the stronger candidate. Mr. PEASE is the head of an old and highly-



esteemed banking-house in the town. Mr. REED, although he is the manager of a shipbuilding Company which has lately been established there, is a comparative stranger to the constituency. Besides, Mr. REED is not exactly the sort of candidate whom the Liberals, or any political party, could be expected to feel very enthusiastic about. Before the vacancy occurred at Hull he had been courting Pembroke, with promises of shipbuilding enterprise; and he has been at little pains to conceal that he thinks it a pity that a professional critic of the Admiralty should not be at liberty to take sides in the House of Commons just as may happen to suit the particular line of naval policy in which he is interested at the moment. Mr. REED has views about shipbuilding which he is naturally anxious to enforce, and hitherto those views have identified him rather with the Opposition than with the Government. It is just possible, too, that Mr. REED's advocacy of high freeboard may have been distasteful to a shipping community which would seem to be anxious to dispense, as regards its own ships, with freeboard altogether, except in the form of deck loads.

There is a pathetic dramatic interest in the announcement that Sir GEORGE GREY does not intend to contest Morpeth at the next election, and that Mr. BURT, the Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association, will probably be his successor. The last of the Whigs disappears in order to make way for the first so-called working-man member. Mr. BURT is said to have been originally a working pitman. He is "a Temperance reformer, a co-operator," and the leader of the Trade-Unionists of the district. The latest Reform Act is understood to have given the miners an overwhelming majority in Morpeth, and political harmony has been secured among them by the discipline of the Union. It is probable, therefore, that Mr. BURT will be returned; but the fact that he began life as a labouring man will not make him an unprecedented phenomenon in the House of Commons. Although he is called a working-man candidate, he has really ceased to be a working-man; and he will find in Parliament others there who have similarly raised themselves from a humble position. Sir GEORGE GREY pleads ill-health as a reason for not continuing to undertake duties which are now beyond his strength; but it may perhaps be not uncharitably conjectured that he is also reluctant to expose himself to a defeat, and especially at the hands of such an opponent. Family ties and hereditary temperament rendered it impossible that Sir GEORGE GREY should be other than a Whig of the purest type—an aristocrat in spirit, but with a logical prepossession in favour of a select number of democratic principles in a qualified form. In the sect into which he was born domestic affection has always been as strong as political sympathy; and as soon as Sir GEORGE GREY entered public life he seemed to have an hereditary place in every Liberal Administration. He has always been one of the most consistent and characteristic of the Whigs, though he has never distinguished himself either as a speaker or administrator. He has been twice Colonial Secretary and thrice Home Secretary; but his most appropriate office was probably the Duchy of Lancaster. At the Home Office, in which for many years he seemed to be almost domesticated, he was a master of technical routine, and a prompt and industrious man of business; but he wanted breadth and decision of character for the larger functions of the department. Since the death of Lord PALMERSTON, Sir GEORGE GREY has been gradually passing into the background of politics. It must have been a continual and painful struggle for him to keep pace with the heroic moods of an inspired leader, and for some time he has been visibly lagging in the rear. He has none of the impulsive elasticity which enabled Mr. LOWE to head the attack on the Reform Bill, and then to take his place in the Government which it carried into power. In what may be called the private life of the House of Commons Sir GEORGE GREY has always occupied an honourable and useful place. His wide Ministerial experience and long service in the House made him an authority on questions of precedent and procedure, and when he retires from Parliament the SPEAKER will lose a valuable adviser. The revival of the rumour that Mr. BOUVIERIE is to have an office or a peerage, or both, would seem to be another mark of the effacement of the Whigs. If a third party had been possible, Mr. BOUVIERIE would naturally have been found among its leaders; but if it is true—and a speech that he made at the close of last Session might seem to countenance the supposition—that Mr. BOUVIERIE is about to become a colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE, it must be assumed

that the immediate prospects of a moderate balancing party are not thought to be very encouraging.

There has of late been a remarkable fatality among members of the House of Commons or peers whose eldest sons have seats in it, but it is probable that there may not be so many vacancies to be filled up during the next few months. In any case such elections as may occur will not be likely to excite so much interest as those which have recently taken place. There is no longer any question for the present either of an early meeting of Parliament or of a dissolution. It may be assumed that the next Session will not begin before the usual time, and that the dissolution will not take place before next autumn, or possibly even the year after, unless the Government is compelled to appeal to the country by being placed in a decisive minority. All this tends to calm political feeling and to allay party zeal. Isolated elections really prove very little either one way or the other, and they also go for little in making up a majority. The result of the general election, whenever it comes, will depend very little on the number of seats which may in the meanwhile be snatched from the Liberals by their opponents, but will depend a great deal on the behaviour of the Government and the proposals which it has to offer as a reason for keeping it in office. Just now the irritation which was felt at the astounding administrative blundering of the Ministry, and the teasing character of much of their policy, has been smoothed down; but it would take very little to revive it. A repetition of the same causes would produce the same results; and the important question is whether the Government will fall into a repetition of this kind, or will be able to strike out a new and happier course for itself. But, as Mr. BRIGHT said, there are no Cabinet secrets till November, and it may even be some time before the Cabinet knows its own secrets. The assumption that Mr. BRIGHT's declarations on the Education and other questions will attach the Radical and Nonconformist mutineers in permanent loyalty to the body of the party is probably somewhat hasty, and based on an imperfect appreciation of the real origin of the recent schism. The peculiarity of the advanced politicians below the gangway is that they are all deeply impressed with their own qualifications for taking a prominent part in guiding the destinies of the country. It is a regiment of generals, each of whom claims to be commander-in-chief on a particular question. If Mr. FORSTER had yielded in the first instance to the dictation of the Nonconformists, Mr. DIXON would have lost an opportunity of distinguishing himself as the leader of a party; and it is just possible that Mr. DIXON may not be disposed to subside into the ranks merely because Mr. BRIGHT has returned to the Cabinet. Human nature cannot be left altogether out of account in political speculation, and the position which has already been taken up by this section of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers is sufficiently indicative of their personal aspirations, and of the difficulty which may be found in steadyding their allegiance. If, after what has been said, the Government hesitates to adopt the programme which they have sketched out for it, they will naturally be indignant; and, on the other hand, if the Government accepts their guidance, it will be thought ungrateful if it does not reward their services.

#### THE EMOTIONAL LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE.

MR. SPENCER recently called attention, in a very interesting passage of his *Psychology*, to those secondary signs of a feeling which are to be found in abortive attempts to conceal it. "A state of *mauvaise honte*," he well says, "otherwise tolerably well concealed, is indicated by an obvious difficulty in finding fit positions for the hands." A great mental agitation, though prevented from breaking out into violent expression, is pretty certain to betray itself in the awkward, shuffling movements which are made to curb and suppress it. Such indirect signs of emotion Mr. Spencer calls its secondary natural language.

The fact that many of our emotions now betray themselves only through the incompleteness of the effort of will to disguise them is not a little curious, and offers several lines of interesting inquiry. It at once suggests how very little play for emotional expression the conditions of modern society appear to allow. For it seems tolerably certain that the voluntary hiding of feeling is a late attainment in human development, and is forced on us simply by the needs of advancing civilization. Savages for the most part know little of concealing their passions, and this makes them so good a psychological study. Children, too, who may be supposed to represent the earlier acquirements of the race, are proverbially unfettered in the expression of their sentiments. In like manner, in the various ranks of our civilized society we see that, while a cultivated lady appears to

all distant onlookers to have a mind dispassionate and undisturbed by agitating feelings, a West-country maid reveals her curiosity and wonder, her alternations of joy and misery, with scarcely a trace of compunction. If we go low enough down the social scale we find the freest utterance of feelings, and it is only when, in retracing our steps, we arrive at a certain stage of culture that we discover signs of an active emotional restraint. Where this self-control is defective we have Mr. Spencer's secondary emotional signs. Higher up, among a few specially cultivated persons, the acquisition of this power of concealment appears to be complete, and we have a type of mind capable of a prolonged external serenity unruffled by a gust of passionate impulse. The survey of these facts at once prompts the question whether the expression of our feelings by smile, vocal changes, and so on, is destined to disappear with a further advance of social organization. To attempt to answer such a question directly and briefly would perhaps betray too much confidence. We may, however, seek to define the various paths of inquiry to be pursued before a final answer can be arrived at, and to hint at the probabilities of the problem under its various aspects.

First of all, then, with respect to the distinctly unsocial feelings, the answer seems to be tolerably clear. It being generally allowed by biologists that the looks and gestures accompanying anger, jealousy, and pride are simply survivals of hostile actions, the nascent renewal of an attitude preliminary to attack, it is natural that they should appear only in transitions of society from a barbaric to a civilized condition. When the age of destructive conflict, individual and racial, shall have become the curious research of antiquaries, it may be presumed that any bodily movements known to have grown out of these struggles will cease from sheer desuetude. Indeed one may perhaps, without too optimistic a bias, refer to the fact that all the stronger manifestations of anger and malice have already become unfamiliar in real life, so that when we see their imitations on the stage they are apt to appear ridiculously forced. The better part of modern society has put such a ban on the ugly signs of rage that our only means of discovering traces of this passion in a man is some incompletely suppressed emotional movement, or some too violent effort to command the muscles of expression. After many more generations shall have practised the difficult art of noiselessly crushing out with the foot an incipient wrath, it will be hard if such offences to the eye as frowning brow and scornful mouth do not entirely disappear.

But the progress of social refinement probably affects other expressions than those of the distinctly hostile sentiments. It tends to confine within ever narrower limits all manifestations of unpleasant feeling. Since it is a grateful thing to witness pleasurable feeling, and painful to see the expression of suffering in another, a polite form of society does all it can to encourage the one and to suppress the other. A man is for the most part supposed to be able to obtain all needed sympathy in his troubles from his family and his intimate friends. Before the rest of the world he is expected to hide his grief and maintain a cheerful aspect. It is one of the delicate forms of sensibility produced by a high culture to be fearful of obtruding one's feelings on unconcerned onlookers. This growing perception of the vulgar aspects of uncontrolled emotional display appears to have much to do with the partial concealments of feeling of which Mr. Spencer speaks. But comparatively few persons are completely able to hide a sharp and sudden vexation, however public the occasion of experiencing it. An annoying piece of intelligence, affecting it may be one's matrimonial chances or equally dear ambitions, will very likely call up a momentary expression of dismay even in presence of a fashionable company. We wonder to how many persons it is still a necessity under the smart of a sudden disappointment to flee as soon as possible from all spectators, and relieve the pressure of emotion by a few energetic expletives, if not a sparse shower of tears. We do not know how many ages it may require to discipline our species in a perfect concealment of painful feeling; but at present it looks as though we were passing through the hardest stages of this schooling.

One other influence which probably contributes to make emotion more and more private and invisible is the partial revival of the Stoical doctrine that all sentiment is a moral weakness. This idea appears to hold most sway in our own country, and especially among those classes who are most concerned to maintain a not too obvious gentility. A common supposition among young aspirants to social rank seems to be that lofty breeding is best seen in a uniformly passionless and vacuous arrangement of the facial muscles. To appear interested in any object in his environment strikes the pseudo-aristocrat as a pitiable infirmity of vulgar minds. The ways in which this curious self-imposed check acts are at times very funny. We remember hearing Macready give a series of readings to a fashionably dressed assembly in a small provincial town, and we were much struck by the almost heroic efforts which many of the company made to conceal the emotion so powerfully aroused by the tragedian's art. Possibly English people are less impressible by scenic display and music than Continental nations. Whether this be so or not, it is very curious to contrast the perfectly apathetic aspect of an assembly at Covent Garden with the lively demonstrations of an audience at a Paris opera, or the deep earnest absorption of the worshippers of Wagner at Berlin or Munich. This notion that it is the final attainment of civilization to appear impartially indifferent to everything about one, and constantly to preserve the semblance of an equanimity which knows nothing of the agitation of pleasure or pain, may be expected to give the last touch of refinement to emotional expression.

If these were all the facts bearing on the future of our emotional life, we might well inquire what effect the habitual suppression of emotional expression is likely to have on the quality of the emotions themselves. It is probably clear to everybody that our feelings are very much affected by the range of free expression accorded them. At least the violent intensity of a passion is destroyed by successful control of all the muscles, and, even if a slow smouldering fire of hate or jealousy may coexist with a comparatively quiet exterior, the emotional force is in this case robbed of its glory. It would thus appear that with social progress, as men are thrown more and more in each other's society, their feelings will undergo a very considerable transformation; some types of emotion disappearing it may be altogether, the rest being so mollified as to be scarcely recognizable as the venerable forms of human love, terror, and joy. But, oddly enough, we find another set of influences, due to the very same social conditions as the first, which tends to counteract these, fostering and deepening feeling, and encouraging its manifestations. Mr. Spencer thinks that the habit of expressing pleasure and pain arose as animals became gregarious. This condition exposed the members of the same flock to common experiences of danger, &c.; and in this way, from uttering the sounds of terror under like circumstances and at the same times, they would come to interpret them when given forth by their companions. At the same time the gregarious mode of life clearly made animals able to assist one another in a large variety of ways. Now on this supposition, which seems extremely plausible, the habit of expressing feeling is an attainment of social life, and, so far from disappearing with the advance of this life, it should, one would think, go on developing. In point of fact, we see in a number of ways how social progress serves to enlarge the area of sympathetic feeling. As a man becomes more of a citizen, he is probably more and more desirous to be in unison of feeling and intention with his fellow-citizens, at least with that section of them whom he most respects. The sympathy he looks for presupposes, it is clear, some expression of his own feelings, and a responsive expression on the part of his neighbours. In this way, then, there are two tendencies of social culture curiously conflicting in their results. By virtue of the one a man seeks to repress feeling and not to obtrude it unnecessarily on his fellow-citizens. By force of the other he is ever craving with more and more vigour for a lively interchange of sentiments with others. What resultant, it may be asked, do these opposite forces produce?

Without trying to determine the precise direction of this compound effect, it may be just suggested that a kind of compromise between the opposing forces is frequently effected by means of language. By this medium we may convey most minutely and accurately the fact of a feeling and define its nature, without bringing it forward as a vivid and naked reality. It is highly disagreeable to see a look of disgust in another's face, but we do not quite so strongly object to a man's telling us the cause of such a feeling and leaving us to imagine by inference the nature of the emotion itself. Language, while defining the precise variety of sentiment, contains also in its ever-varying modulation of voice, its changes of pitch, intensity, and *timbre*, a large apparatus of proper emotional expression. Moreover it seems fully allowable to accompany speech with a variety of other emotional signs which are looked on as silly and weak if presented independently. We rather expect conversation to be brightened by the many subtle changes of the facial muscles and the refined and subdued gestures peculiar to our nation. If a person habitually wears a half giggle, we are probably struck by the imbecility of this meaningless display. So too when a man meets us in the street looking evidently soured and retaliative, we rather wish he would reserve these unamiable exhibitions for his sympathetic friends. We have, in a word, grown intellectual much faster than we have become emotional, and we cannot suffer feeling to exhibit itself without some explanation of its nature and causes being offered at the same time. If a man will unbosom to us his sorrow or his joy fully and intelligibly, we profess ourselves willing, provided he is not too wearisome and exacting, to lend him a patient ear and to endeavour to enter into his peculiar experiences; but without this explanatory recital, the evidences of feeling are apt to appear unmeaning, if not actually offensive.

We may just point to another influence which still further complicates this question of emotional expression—namely, the growing demands made by social refinement on the expression of kindly interest in other people's concerns. While a man is judged to be inconsiderate if he is frequently intruding his personal feelings in social intercourse, rigid politeness requires us for the most part to lend an appreciative ear to the tale of woe, however dull it may happen to prove. This law calls into existence a very curious group of half-artificial expressions. The degree to which polite persons have nowadays to assume feeling may well alarm any one who cares much for the honesty of social intercourse. We all know probably the drawing-room smile of some of our lady friends. It is something quite unique, never appearing in other places and at other times, but presenting itself at the right moment with all the certainty of an astronomical phenomenon. So too we know persons whose voices undergo a most curious change when called on to converse with a stranger, especially one of the opposite sex. No doubt some slight part of the display may be set down to an unavoidable excitement, but the main features of it would seem to be deliberately assumed. In this way it appears that, owing to the requirements of modern society, our volitions are called upon now to check feeling, now to force it into play. The studied graces of smile, dilating eye, and mellifluous



voice, make up a perfectly new order of quasi-expressions, which might perhaps in a highly artificial state of society gradually supplant many of the older and familiar forms of emotional utterance. Whether the agencies which tend to sustain genuine emotional expression will prove to have more vitality than those which go to suppress it, and how far, supposing spontaneous utterances of emotion to grow out of date, artificial imitations of them will continue in fashion, are points which we do not attempt to determine. Enough has been said perhaps to show how curiously complex are the conditions of the problem.

#### THE VIENNESE AND THEIR VISITORS.

NOW that the Vienna Exhibition is drawing to a close, the Viennese are beginning to take stock of the results of the season, as the hosts of an evening discuss their party before retiring, when their guests are gone. As for the Court and the politicians, we do not imagine that they attach to the Royal visits and the Court receptions any more importance than they deserve. If some of them had their significance, it was rather as regards the nation whose representative was entertained; as when the Italians were eager that their King should make a progress in Germany, by way of response to the menaces of the French Ultramontanes. The Emperor issued invitations indiscriminately to his brothers and sisters in the purple. His invitations were accepted in every instance, either by the ruling potentates or their heirs-apparent; or else they were declined with a frank courtesy which left nothing to suspect. The visits all "went off well." The Emperor received every one of his guests with the ease of a high-bred gentleman. Although he may have been most pleased to greet such intimate friends of his own as the Crown Prince of Saxony, yet his tact avoided any suspicious excess of politeness in his cordial intercourse with the victor of Sadowa or with the master of the formidable legions of Russia. On their part the guests came determined to be pleased, and prepared, it may be presumed, to endure with complacency the ceaseless round of entertainments that awaited them. Except the unfortunate Czar, who was haunted with the fear of assassination, their faces were always wreathed in smiles when they made their appearances in public. Except the Shah, whose knowledge of European languages was naturally limited, they were to be seen chatting in the most amicable manner with their Imperial host and the Archdukes. They proposed in the neatest and most appropriate terms the healths of their respective Houses at family dinners at the palaces. They wrung each other's hands warmly when they exchanged farewells and national anthems on the departure platforms; and they ought to have carried away and left behind them impressions as agreeable as could reasonably be expected. No thoughtful man on the one side or the other could ever have hoped for anything more; and when there is a difficulty next time about the Danubian provinces, or the Poles, or the frontier in Schleswick, recollections of "those pleasant days we passed at Vienna" may be trusted to do at least as much as any one could have hoped for.

But the citizens of Vienna had a more direct interest in the season being a successful one than the Sovereign who had so zealously promoted the Exhibition. Their new capital had been run up so recently that strangers had hardly had time to find it out, and, indeed, some of its most imposing quarters were only then in course of construction. They had invested large sums in building and decorating, and were impatient to draw their dividends on the capital they had been sinking. What was even more serious, they had pledged their credit far more deeply than outsiders suspected, and their speculations must be made to pay pretty quickly if the bills were to be met that had been drawn so freely on the future. To these worthy people the Exhibition came as a godsend. They were profoundly impressed themselves with the dazzling magnificence of their new city. They felt that it only required to be known to be appreciated, and the International Exhibition would advertise it with the necessary *clat* to the admiration of the world. The strangers who swarmed to it would give to those vast new thoroughfares the animation in which they might possibly be somewhat deficient, when contrasted with the cheerful bustle of the older streets. And when strangers had once discovered the existence of this newly-planned paradise, of course they would return to it in subsequent years. Its happy situation on the confines of the West and the East would assure it a piquancy of its own by combining the attractions of an old world and a new one; and if all went as well as they anticipated, it would be premature to define the limits of its destinies. They showed their faith in these fond ideas of theirs by the extent of their preparations for sheltering and feeding their visitors. Hotel rose after hotel, each bigger and grander than its predecessors. Great new eating-houses and beer-cellars of showy exterior sprang up along the lines of the boulevards, to say nothing of those innumerable restaurants which were awaiting their customers in the fascinating grounds of the Exhibition itself. Although the new arrivals might search in vain for accommodation that was at once cheap and comfortable, there were apartments to be let in many of the very biggest of the new houses. Whole floors had been rented on speculation, while the tenants, who withdrew to closets in their back premises, prepared to enrich themselves at the expense of their lodgers. And if the Viennese have been reckoning without their hosts, they have not been altogether the victims of circumstances and their own shortsighted covetousness. It is true that the weather as well as the inexperience of the Exhibition authorities must have told very greatly

against them. It is certain that they frightened away many of their intending visitors by plucking the earliest arrivals with avaricious indiscretion. But had the weather been everything that the devout female lodging-house keepers who frequented the churches may have prayed for, had the citizens had self-restraint enough to show some conscience in their charges, in spite of the keen rivalry and other temptations to the contrary, still we greatly question whether the world of their visitors would have been persuaded to fall in love with their city. And if Vienna was not made attractive in the Exhibition year, it would scarcely be very popular in ordinary times.

The truth is, that the Austrian capital is little more than an overgrown provincial town which took to giving itself on a sudden the airs of a Paris. Arriving in it, you feel yourself very much in the position of the man of the world who has dropped in upon a quiet family party. He is made to feel that he is not wanted there, and he knows that he is bored. The talk about matters of general interest is hushed when he is there to listen, and there is no place for him in the innocent round-games that afford to the family all the amusement they care about. They do not even order supper up while he is there; not that they are inhospitable, but because they are afraid of inviting him to be a witness of their simple habits. Even if they have just moved into a handsome new house, it adds rather than otherwise to their embarrassment. They are oppressed themselves by the unaccustomed grandeur, painfully conscious of the contrast to their old primitive habits, and perpetually apprehensive of committing solecisms. So at Vienna the citizens led a life of their own, and outsiders were condemned to amuse themselves as they could among strangers like themselves. A solitary traveller is landed at his hotel in Paris, and whenever he steps over his threshold he finds himself at once in the full swing of Parisian life. He easily goes with the stream on the broad pavement of the brilliantly lighted boulevards that are covered with the gay crowds who are flowing over into the lively cafés. Sparkling comedies are being acted in any theatre he may drop into, and it is impossible to help laughing in sympathy with the audience, even if he should not understand a word of the language. In Paris you are welcomed into cheerful restaurants by waiters who have the air of being ready to depart in peace now that they have tasted of the exceeding felicity of attending on you. In short, whatever the influence of Paris on your moral tone, there can be no question about the effect on your spirits and impressions. Whether you confine yourself to the part of onlooker or abandon yourself to the humours of the place, you seldom find your time hang heavy. At Vienna it is just the reverse, and the comparisons you draw are all to its disadvantage. You go out of an evening to find the magnificent Ringstrasse as much of a blank as the Parisian boulevards are a bustle. The cafés in the Ring are all the creations of yesterday, and very few of the natives are to be found making themselves at home in them. The theatres are acting ponderous tragedies, or their comedy is in a patois that defies your knowledge of the language. Go into a restaurant with the idea of dining, and, except for a solemn smoker or two, belated after their early meal, you probably find yourself its only occupant. The waiters eye you resentfully as an intruder, and only consent to serve the dishes you have ordered after repeated entreaties and reiterated remonstrances. Your hours are not the hours of the place, nor in the way of amusement have you much in common with the people. Were you to dine at noon instead of seven in the evening, and make your way to one of the dark dining-rooms in the old town, you would find abundance of food being served, although for all except *habitués* the scramble is a desperate one. Should your taste incline that way, you might swallow beer till late in the night to an accompaniment of very admirable music. But although Viennese beer is the best in the world, a quart or two goes a very long way with any one but a German; and after a few weeks of doing like the Viennese, one's liver is likely to become emphatic in its remonstrances. A visitor who falls into the fashions of the city, and soaks and smokes through the livelong day, generally ends with a *détour* to the healing waters of Carlsbad. If you mix with the gay world in the Prater, you must go thither at the hour when you would naturally be sitting down to dinner. The aristocracy have disposed of their hurried repast ages before, and now they are driving and riding to get up an appetite for heavy suppers. Were you sojourning in Paris, you might live in hope of making friends with an occasional Frenchman, because there is something in common between your tastes and theirs, and nothing absolutely antipathetic in your habits. But, as a preliminary to swearing friendship with a Viennese, it would be necessary to stipulate for sacrifices on either side which no amount of mutual liking could make supportable.

This season the visitors have had more in their favour than they are likely soon to find again. Foreign caterers for amusement had preceded them—men who knew their tastes and tried their best to gratify them. The Viennese, officially and otherwise, made considerable exertions to render their stay pleasant, and got up various entertainments in their honour. When other distractions failed, there was always the Exhibition itself to fall back upon. Although far fewer people had come to see it than had been anticipated, there was generally a chance of meeting acquaintances there. Yet, in spite of it all, the stranger never took kindly to the place. Killing the day was always more or less of an effort, and hunting about for society was a hopeless enterprise. There is no fashionable centre in the city towards which its idlers gravitate naturally; no Park, no Bois, no Boulevards, and no Piccadilly.

dilly. Coming in contact with congenial spirits in the Ring was always much more than problematical. Friends who had settled in distant hotels rarely saw each other except by accident or arrangement. If you caught a German acquaintance while out on the quest, you were sure to find that your plans for the day were at cross-purposes with his. From the hour when you arrived to the moment of your departure, effort and exertion were the rule, and *laissez-aller* altogether the exception. You had "done" the place, and you took your leave of it with little desire to return. All this may change gradually as the new city fills up from the old one, and as the natives are broken in to the fashions that are universal in capitals of the same pretensions. But it will be a work of time in any case, and in the meanwhile the inhabitants are likely to have their city almost as much to themselves as in the days before they had had the idea of rebuilding it. We suspect that the experience of the past summer has brought them to that very disagreeable conclusion, and a very black look-out it must be for those who have been speculating confidently on the contrary.

#### TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OF ELY.

CONTENDING, as we always have done, that cathedrals in their original and legitimate conception are eminently practical and useful institutions, we are glad to recognize the increased popularity which is incontestably following the exertions which many of them have been making to live up to their true theory. No more significant evidence has probably been given of the hold which the cathedrals have during this generation been taking of the popular affections and imagination than that of which Ely has been witness during the last few days. It happens that exactly twelve hundred years have elapsed since a pious lady named Etheldreda, royal by birth and marriage, abandoned the rude pomps which were no doubt as precious in the eyes of an English Queen in the seventh century as our more refined luxuries are in our own, in order more efficiently to help the cause of that newly preached Gospel which was struggling all over the surface of early England against the fierce opposition of Teutonic heathendom. Etheldreda founded, under herself as abbess, a religious house for men and women on that which was then literally the Isle of Ely (Elge, as Bede calls it), a hill abruptly rising out of the dreary fens of East Anglia. This foundation, after nearly two centuries of quiet existence, was in 870 totally destroyed by the Danes, and after a while restored, first as a community of secular priests, and then, in 970, exactly a hundred years after the havoc, as a Benedictine Abbey by Athelwold, Bishop of Winchester. After the Conquest a relation of William's, Simeon, was, in his extreme old age, appointed abbot, and began with great energy the rebuilding of the church which—having been continued at various intervals all through the Middle Ages, first in Romanesque and then in the various phases of the Pointed style—has placed the Minster of Ely (especially since the noble restoration daringly undertaken by Dean Peacock, and very ably carried out by Sir Gilbert Scott) in the very first class of the most magnificent churches of Europe. Not long after the commencement of Simeon's work, the accident of the Abbey having fallen under the government of a refugee Bishop of Bangor, brought about the division of the unwieldy diocese of Lincoln and the conversion of the Abbey into a Cathedral, of which the bishop, in memory of the circumstances which led to the creation of the see, has ever since—instead of sitting, like all his compeers, on a throne—occupied the stall elsewhere devoted to the head—abbot, prior, dean, or master, as it may be—of the Abbey, Collegiate Church, or College Chapel. In the meanwhile, as at Canterbury, Durham, Winchester, and the other cathedral abbeys, the monks continued to form the governing body; and as in those cases Henry VIII. transformed the corporation into a secular chapter of the "new" foundation. These few leading facts of the long history of Ely show that, while the actual foundation as well as the actual buildings of Etheldreda passed away more than a thousand years ago, her moral work no less than her local fame has still survived with an undisputed continuity. Her object was to found an institution—church, and workers in that church—as the bulwark of religion among the Eastern English; and still among those Eastern English a church uniquely grand, and an ecclesiastical body of very illustrious heritage, from the names of which may be read on its records, have endured and seem to give the assurance that those twelve centuries find Ely Minster only in the mature vigour of strong middle life. But the church and corporation of Ely are not the only growth—we can hardly even say the only direct growth—of St. Etheldreda's forethought. Bede has a picturesque story, that when her sister and successor Sexburga wished to transfer the body of the foundress of Ely to a more fitting tomb, she sent some of the brothers of the Abbey on an expedition to find a stone larger than any which Ely could provide to make the coffin—"qui ascensu navi (ipsa enim regio Elge undique est aquis et paludibus circumdata neque lapides majores habet), venerant ad civitatem quendam desolatam, quæ lingua Anglorum Grantacaestir vocatur; et mox invenerunt juxta muros civitatis locellum de marmore albo pulcherrime factum, operculo quoque similis lapidis aptissime tectum." The disciples of Etheldreda, thus finding out and turning to practical use, to the honour of their foundress, this relic of old Roman civilization and classic art hidden away in the ruins of that which is now Cambridge, reads like an unconscious prophecy. It cannot be doubted that,

whatever may have been the formal origin of the University of Cambridge, the proximity of the great house of Ely was for ages a most powerful succour to the growing school of learning. The earliest college—Peterhouse—was founded in the middle of the thirteenth century by Hugh of Balsam, Bishop of Ely, and his successors have constantly appeared among the most generous benefactors of the University, out of which they have for many centuries been most properly selected. A Cambridge man might indeed not inexcusably exclaim of Etheldreda's enterprise, when he looks from the one huge minister of Ely to the many towers of his University,

Sic fortis Etruria crevit

Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

The incidents of the Ely Bissexcentenary are no less picturesque when it is viewed as a portion of wider history. Tested merely by arithmetical and prosaic considerations, an antiquity of twelve centuries is less remarkable than one of a longer time of odd years. But as Dean Merivale eloquently pointed out in his sermon, there is a roundness and completeness in that number which strangely appeals to the imagination. It was something for him to have been able to frame the couplet in which, with his fine scholarship, he recapitulated the event upon the model of that quaint but grimly grand old prophecy of the downfall of Imperial Rome—

Bissexcenteni sunt nec plus vel minus anni

Augusto augurio postquam inclyta condita Roma est—

by the substitution of a second line of cheerful hope for the gloomy intimation of coming decay conveyed in the original composition. In truth, a very memorable chapter of the world's history is traversed in those twelve centuries. The theologian will note that not only was the schism between Eastern and Western Christendom an event of the unknown future in Etheldreda's days, but that not even had the sixth of those undisputed Councils, to which in turn every branch of the Christian community appeals, yet been assembled. The historian will record that about a hundred and fifty years of petty struggles had yet to be fought out before the foundation of that still existing kingdom which the official style of "Great Britain" has never prevented the world from calling England had been laid by the hard-won supremacy of Wessex, while more than a century and a quarter had to be numbered before the Christmas Day of 800 saw the Imperial dignity attaching to Rome restored to Western Europe by the crowning of the great German Charles; and a still later date had to be reached before France began to care for that family at which the administrators of a demoralized people are, in the spasm of long despair, again clutching, as the fancied talisman against chronic revolution.

But all appeals to imagination, all references to history, all theoretical gratitude to Etheldreda or Simeon or Hugh of Balsam, could not have succeeded in making a Bissexcentenary at Ely, or any other place, more than an archaeological masquerade, if the savour of life were not strong in the body which ventured on so bold a commemoration. We do not talk of the magnificent rendering of the choral services; these might have been as artistically perfect if the nave had been a sparsely sprinkled solitude. We do not dwell on the fact that a Metropolitan of Canterbury has condescended to emerge from the princely grandeur of Lambeth to lead the worship in the Cathedral of a suffragan, creditable as this is to Archbishop Tait himself. The incident to which we desire to call attention is the crowded and enthusiastic attendance which the people, of all sorts and descriptions, spontaneously contributed during the five days of the commemoration. Materially Ely Cathedral is better suited than any other of our mediæval minsters for a great popular function. The expansive central octagon, opening into transepts and nave, which the illustrious architect of the fourteenth century, Alan of Walsingham, raised on the ruins of a fallen tower, though not so spacious as the dome of St. Paul's, is even more practical for unusual gatherings; while the fact that there is no difference in level between the eastern and western branches of the church, though an architectural drawback (shared by the way by cathedrals such as Milan, Le Mans, and Chartres) is eminently conducive to the effective working of the Anglican ritual. The restoration, too, of Ely Cathedral, resolved upon and entered on about thirty years ago, when to restore a cathedral was to struggle against, and not, as now, to float with the stream, by that man of nobly simple genius, Dean Peacock, unflinchingly carried on by his accomplished successor, the present Bishop of Carlisle, and brought to a fitting conclusion by the distinguished scholar who now fills the decanal seat, and all along directed by the rare capacity of Sir Gilbert Scott, had attuned the popular mind to the appropriate use of a building so magnificently composed and so artistically renovated. Still against these material advantages had to be set the fact that Ely Minster stands in a country town of only a few thousand inhabitants, while the contingent which Cambridge—sixteen miles off—could be expected to send was one more likely to be remarkable for quality than quantity. In spite, however, of this drawback, the nave, the octagon, and the transepts (not to mention the triforium) of Ely Cathedral were without exaggeration crammed from end to end on the greater occasions by a congregation instinct all through with interest and respect for the circumstances which brought them together, and obviously including a more decided proportion of real worshippers than might have been anticipated by critical bystanders. It was popularly estimated that on Sunday evening, when the Bishop of Peterborough preached, there was a congregation of from four to five thousand persons. The numbers could not have been much less



during the morning and afternoon repetitions of the diocesan choral festival with which on Tuesday the Bissexcentenary services concluded. The spectacle of the long procession of surpliced choirs from many parishes, filling up the whole nave, with their frequent banners, and accompanied in their chant by a military band, which marched unseen on a parallel line up the triforium, was peculiarly impressive. A few years since such a ceremonial would have been simply inconceivable; now it was the offshoot of an event which Churchmen of widely different schools combined to carry out. The conclusion which we draw from the circumstance is that the cultivation of external beauty as the accessory of, and incentive to, spiritual worship is not uncongenial to the English temperament, provided only the process be carried out with that reasonable consideration for common sense, and that tactical appreciation of things as they are, which usually influence the managers of the respectable enterprises of ordinary life.

We must not forget that an additional interest was imported into the events of the Ely festivity by the fact that since its conception the sudden death of Bishop Wilberforce led to the selection of the earnest and greatly honoured Bishop Harold Browne as his successor. It accordingly added to its original scope the further characteristic of being the leave-taking between the prelate and his former diocese. We could have much to say as to this side of the ceremonial, which was equally gratifying to the Bishop who had earned the love of his flock, and of that flock who came forward to testify their affection. But we have purposely confined ourselves to the original and more general object of the Bissexcentenary as a timely and successful appeal of the Cathedral system to the sympathies of the people of England, as not only one of the oldest, but in reality one of the most useful and most truly practical, of the many institutions of our complex social system. The exceptional conditions of the Ely Commemoration cannot be repeated in other cathedrals, but the lesson which these five days has brought them may well bear fruit in the more energetic, the warmer, and the more confiding co-operation of bishop and Chapter, country clergy and laity of the diocese, in the great work of Christian improvement which every cathedral, even more than every parish church, exists to accomplish. Such a demonstration as that of Ely would have been impossible at a cathedral town in which the bishop was not a resident citizen.

#### THE EVIDENCE ON UNSEAWORTHY SHIPS.

THE evidence which has been taken by the Royal Commission on Unseaworthy Ships has now been published in a bulky blue-book, along with their preliminary Report. The Commissioners promise another Report when they can see their way through the darkness in which they are at present enveloped; and it may be presumed that they have still a great many other witnesses to examine. Their inquiries are very interesting and instructive as far as they have gone; but they can hardly be regarded as exhaustive. If the Commission, instead of sitting in state at the Palace of Westminster, were to pay a visit to some of the seaports, and take evidence on the spot, they might possibly obtain some useful information which is otherwise not very likely to reach them. During the present year, from January to June, 128 ships, of which fifteen were steamers, have been lost; and the public will naturally expect to find that the Commissioners have instituted a rigid and searching investigation into the causes of every one of these disasters. We have here official evidence in abundance, evidence from the different surveying Associations, and shipowners' evidence; but as yet no working seaman has been examined. A lieutenant and gunner of the Royal Navy, both stationed in the Tyne, have spoken to the apparently disgracefully overloaded condition of ships in that river; but of course they could only convey general impressions. It is impossible to attempt to make a digest of this evidence offhand; but we will string together a few passages which have struck us as remarkable.

As to the dangerous character of many of the ships which are now in use there is a strong concurrence of testimony. Mr. W. W. Rundell, Secretary to the Underwriters' Association, Liverpool, stated that there are certain vessels which, in the opinion of the Liverpool surveyors, are so bad that a particular mark is put against them. "They are a sort of black sheep, and the underwriters will not insure them." As many as 225 vessels have been marked in this way during eleven years—an average of twenty a year. Of these ships thirteen were wrecked, eleven abandoned at sea, eight foundered, six were condemned, and three never heard of. Those that were condemned were either broken up or sold to foreign owners. "It may be that a condemned vessel may be condemned at a foreign port, and sold there, and again sent to sea under a different flag." As to the rest of these black ships, they have not been traced out; but one at least is known to be still in existence after having been on the black list for eight years.

Mr. B. Martell, Chief Surveyor of Lloyds' Register, had no hesitation in saying that a large number of mercantile ships daily go to sea in a very unsatisfactory and defective condition, not only as regards the hull, but likewise as regards the outfit, sails, spars, rigging, and suchlike, which are of great importance as well as the hull. There are above seven hundred ships on Lloyds' Register which originally had a character, and which are twenty, thirty, or forty years of age, but which have now no character; and it is known that a large number of them are in a defective condition, and perhaps there are as many more whose names have been omitted in reprinting the Register Book. Mr. Martell

mentioned a case in which a ship was re-examined, and certain defects found in her which the owners would not put right; her character was therefore expunged. She went to the Baltic, and foundered. When the character of a vessel is taken away, the owner probably tries to sell her, and she goes on sailing until she is either wrecked, or, if she is off the shore in a storm, and making water, the captain runs her on shore to try to save the lives on board, or she eventually founders, and nothing more is heard of her. "During one storm there were, I remember, seventy vessels on shore on the North-East coast at one time, and doubtless many of them were run on shore as being the only means of saving life." Here is a Report which Mr. Martell had sent in a few days before:—"On examination I found the hold beam-ropes working considerably amidsips—that is, loose—and the iron bolts in the throats of knees and riders in an unsatisfactory and leaky state. Four bolts, or parts of bolts, were got out with great difficulty, being in a very wasted state." The owner refused to have these defects repaired, and the ship's character has been expunged. "Now," said Mr. Martell, "it is disgraceful that the ship should be allowed to go to sea in that state." In another case, a vessel was reported to be defective, and the owner refused repairs. The crew, when she was going out, refused to go to sea in her, and were imprisoned. The ship foundered. "These," said Mr. Martell, "are cases illustrative of what comes under our notice as surveyors, and these are not isolated cases. We could find a number of similar cases in our records."

Mr. Stephenson, the Secretary to Lloyds', stated that there were shipowners who could not get insured there on account of their evil reputation. He had known a slip of marine insurance with a guarantee at the top of it that the goods should not be placed in a ship belonging to a particular owner, and this owner possessed numerous vessels. In his opinion, there was not sufficient inquiry into the causes of losses at sea. If every case were gone into thoroughly, there would be some singular disclosures. Mr. Stephenson read the following letter from the mate of a ship to his sweetheart:—

DEAR LIZZIE,—We sail to-night, and I wish she was going without me, for I don't like the look of her; she is so deep in the water; but I won't show the white feather to any one. If she can carry a captain, she can carry a mate too. But it's a great pity that the Board of Trade doesn't appoint some universal load water-mark, and surveyors to see that ships are not sent to sea to become coffins for their crews. But don't torment yourself about me. I daresay I shall get through it as well as anybody else. Hoping you may continue well,

I remain yours fondly,

TOM.

The ship went to the bottom. That, said the witness, was an instance of a vessel going to sea with competent persons on board who knew she was going to the bottom. He had received many letters of this kind.

One of the witnesses examined before the Commission was Mr. William James Fernie, managing director of the Merchants' Trading Company, Liverpool, who gave a remarkable account of the operations of this Company. "The Company owns ships, and sails them—that," he said, "is the principal business of the Company." It was established in 1866, but before that Mr. Fernie had been engaged in shipping business, and he explained that the Merchants' Trading Company was practically himself and his family. Mr. Fernie has been exceedingly unfortunate in his shipping business, as will be seen from the following list of the vessels he has lost during the last ten years or so:—

- 1863.—*John Linn*, wooden sailing-vessel, abandoned at sea coming home from Bombay. No lives lost.
- 1863.—*General Simpson*, wooden sailing-vessel, lost at the Laccadive Islands, coming home from Bombay. Eight lives lost.
- 1863.—*Dawn of Hope*, wooden sailing-vessel, started from Bombay and was never heard of. All hands (23) lost.
- 1864.—*Royal Victoria*, new iron ship, foundered off Scotch coast on her way to Calcutta. Fourteen lives lost.
- 1866.—*Royal Albert*, iron ship, homeward bound from Calcutta, lost off Cornwall. All hands drowned.
- 1866.—*Uncas*, wooden ship, run down in the Channel. No lives lost.
- 1868.—*Viceroy*, wooden ship, from Liverpool to San Francisco, cargo coals; lost through spontaneous combustion. No lives lost.
- 1868.—*Maleorn*, wooden ship, cargo coals; lost through spontaneous combustion.
- 1869.—*Great Northern*, wooden ship, lost off Bombay. Sixteen hands lost.
- 1869.—*Windsor Castle* (formerly *Emilie St. Pierre*), wooden ship, lost off coast of France; cargo coals; all hands save one perished (21). Mr. Fernie never saw the survivor. He was told the vessel heeled over.
- 1869.—*Golden Fleece*, steamer, made water and sank off Barry Island. There were two trials, and in both the jury found for the underwriters against Mr. Fernie, on the ground that the vessel was unseaworthy. One life lost.
- 1870.—*Woburn Abbey* (formerly *Bellewood*); run ashore off Pernambuco. No lives lost.
- 1871.—*Denmark* (formerly *Greek Republic*), wooden ship, lost in ballast coming from Rio to St. John. She made water and was abandoned. No lives lost. Cargo of coals insured. Mr. Cohen. Was she not well known to be a very rotten ship?—*Witness*. With all ships fifteen years old you would not find every timber sound in them. I have every assurance that the vessel was perfectly fitted for the work she undertook. Captain Edgell, one of the Commissioners, read a Report he made on the vessel in 1870, showing that she was then in very bad condition. "She was trussed with transverse bars of iron screwed up amidsips, like an old barn, or church, before she started on this last voyage. That is to say, that the whole of the fastenings at the beam ends and knees were so rotten that there was no junction on the sides of the ship, and the only way of fastening the ship together was to introduce these enormous amounts of iron." Mr. Fernie at first said she was surveyed by an American surveyor, whose name he did not know, but afterwards stated that the only surveyor was Captain Rudolf, one of his

own partners. The *Denmark* was purchased for 3,500*l.*, or about one pound a ton.

1871.—*Royal Arthur*, iron vessel, homeward bound from Victoria; lost near Waterford; no lives lost. Mr. Fernie blamed the captain for mismanagement.

1872.—*Royal Adelaide*, iron vessel, outward bound for Sydney; lost near Portland; seven lives lost. Mr. Fernie blamed the captain for carelessness.

1872.—*Florine*; foundered off Bourbon. All on board drowned.

1872.—*Great Australia*, from Rangoon; got ashore and was lost. No lives lost.

1872.—*Henry Fernie*, sprung leak coming from Rangoon, and sailors refused to come home in her. Vessel sold at St. Helena.

1873.—*Dunkeld*, from Calcutta to Havre; lost on the Sand Heads.

In reply to questions by Mr. Cohen, Mr. Fernie explained that the Company partially insured their iron vessels, but not the wooden ones, and that they insured the freights. They had never tried to insure a wooden vessel. The opinions of a gentleman who has had such wide and varied experience in almost every kind of marine disaster naturally deserve attention. "Looking," said Mr. Denny to the witness, "at the heavy losses you have sustained in the last ten years, and to the very few losses that shipowners like Messrs. Smith and Sons and Rathbones of Liverpool have had compared to you, the public naturally may come to the conclusion that these ships of Smiths' being all of the highest class at Lloyds', whereas yours are under the American register, these losses occur from your vessels being of an inferior quality; and they may demand some security in the nature of a certificate." Mr. Fernie, however, sees no good in a certificate. "We have all that a certificate would ensure already in the care we take in having the vessels right." Mr. Fernie is opposed to a compulsory survey, on the ground of the "very great inconvenience" which it would occasion to shipowners. He took "a very decided objection" to anything of the kind. If it were insisted upon, he "would consider whether other countries did not take a more proper view of commerce generally, and would see whether or not they could not benefit themselves in that way." Mr. Fernie is apparently in temperament a person of greater buoyancy than some of his vessels. So far from being discouraged and depressed by the steady succession of misfortunes of which he has been the victim, he seems to bear the fatalities of his business with cheerful fortitude. "There are," he says, "certain contingencies attending going to sea which will ever remain. At the present time the death-rate through the country is 23 per thousand, whereas the death-rate in the men employed by me has been about 12 per thousand." It is impossible to put a stop altogether to losses at sea; and Mr. Fernie is of opinion that the best security is to be found in the fact that "it is the interest of every shipowner, irrespectively altogether of propriety, to run his ships safely." It will be observed, however, that in Mr. Fernie's case this security did not prevent the loss of eighteen, or, counting the *Henry Fernie*, nineteen vessels in ten years. It appears from Mr. Fernie's evidence that most of his ships were of colonial origin, and registered in the American Lloyds'.

#### SEINE-FISHING.

FEW braver or hardier men are to be found in England than the Cornish fishermen. Their business, at all times hazardous, is doubly so on a coast so dangerous as theirs, where the charm of the scenery is bought at the expense of security. Isolated rocks set up like teeth round the jagged cliffs and standing far out from shore, cropping up at intervals anywhere between Penzance and Scilly; sunken rocks which are more perilous because more treacherous; strong currents which on the calmest day keep the sea where they flow in perpetual turmoil; a singularly tumultuous and changeable sea, where the ground-swell of the Atlantic sweeps on in long waves which break into a surf that would swamp any boat put out, even when there is not a breath of surface-wind stirring; for the most part a very narrow channel to their coves, a mere footpath as one may call it, beset by rocks that would break their boats to splinters if they were thrown against them—all these circumstances make the trade of the Cornish fishermen exceptionally dangerous, but they also make the men themselves exceptionally resolute and daring. They are the true fighters with nature for food, and, like the miners, feel when they set out to their work that they may never come back from it alive. No man can predict what the sea will be an hour or two hence. Its character changes with every fluctuation of the tide; and a calm and hazy lake may have become fierce and angry and tempest-tossed when the ebb turns and the flow sets in. There are times too when a boat caught by the wind and drifted into a current would be as helpless as a cork in a mill-race; and when a whole fleet of fishing-boats might be blown out to sea, with perhaps half their number capsized. But, as a rule, having learnt caution with their hardihood from the very magnitude of the dangers that surround them, these Cornish men suffer as little by shipwreck as the fishermen of safer bays; and though every cove has its own sad story, and every rock its victim, the worst cases of wreck have been those of larger vessels which have mistaken lights, or steered too close in shore, or been lost in the fogs that are so frequent about the Land's End. Or they may have been caught by the wind and the tide, and driven dead on a lee shore, as so often happens in the bay between Hartland and Padstow Points.

But the more cautious the men are the less money they make; and though life is certainly more than meat, life without meat at all, or with only an insufficient quantity, is rather a miserable affair. The material well-being of the poor fellows who live in those pic-

turesque little coves which are the delight and the despair of artists is not in a very satisfactory condition. By the law of aggregation, unification, whatever we like to call it—the law of the present day by which individuals are absorbed into bodies that work for wages for one master, instead of each man working for himself for his own hand—the independent fishermen are daily becoming fewer. Save at Whitesand Bay, where there is a "poor man's seine" and "a rich man's seine," almost all the seine nets belong now to companies or partnerships of rich men; and in very few have the men themselves any share. Fishermen's seines are not well regarded by the wealthy leaseholders of the cove and foreshore; and the leaseholder has very large legal rights and powers, which it would be idle to blame him for exercising. The cots are his, and the capstan is his, and the right of landing is his; so he can put on the screw when he wants to have things his own way, and can threaten evictions, and the withdrawal of the right to the capstan and to the landing-place, if the men will not go on his seine, but choose either a united one of their own or independent drift or trawl nets. Some, it is said, even object to the men fishing at all, at any rate during the seine season; some have raised the annual rent per boat for cove rights to three or four times its old rate; and some go through a round of surly suspicion and irritating supervision during the "bulking" days, and hizzle jealously over the small share allowed to the hands in the catch. So that, on the whole, the Cornish fisherman of the smaller coves has not much to boast of beside his courage and good heart, and a sturdy independence and honesty specially noticeable.

We know of no more animated scene than seine-fishing. From the first act to the last there is a quaint old-world flavour about the proceeding inexpressibly charming to people used to the prosaic life of modern cities. The "huers" who stand on the hills watching for the first appearance of the "school," and who make known what they see either by signals or calling through a huge metal trumpet, the sound of which no one who has once heard it can ever forget; the smartness of the men dressing the seine-boats which carry the huge net with all its appurtenances; their quiet but eager watching for the school to come within practicable distance—that is, into sufficiently shoal water, and where the bottom is fairly level (else the fish all escape from under the net); the casting or shooting of the seine enclosing the school, and then the "tucking" or lifting the fish from the sea to the boats—every stage is full of interest; but this last is the prettiest of all. Imagine a moonlight night; low water at midnight; when the tucking begins. The boat cannot come up to the ordinary landing, which is only a roughly-paved causeway dipping by a gradual descent into the sea; so those who would share in the sport are fain to take the fisherman's path along the cliff and drop into the boat off the rocks. These rocks are never very safe. Even the men themselves, trained to them as they are from boyhood, sometimes slip on their slanting, broken, seaweed-covered surfaces, when, if they cannot swim and are not helped, all is over for them in this life; and for strangers they are difficult at the best of times. But on an obscurely lighted night, and after heavy rain, they are doubly risky. The incoming wave lifts the boat a few inches higher and nearer; and you must catch the exact moment and make a spring before she drifts off again with the ebb. The row across the little bay is beautiful. The grey cliffs look solemn and majestic in the pale light of the moon; the shadows are deep and unfathomable; everywhere you see black rocks standing out from the steely sea, and little lines of breakers mark the place of the sunken rocks. In the distance shine the magnificent Lizard Lights, and the red and white revolving light of the terrible Wolf Rock flashes on the horizon; the moon touches the sea with silver, and the waves as they rise and fall seem like molten metal in the heavy sluggish rhythm of their flow. Only round the foot of the cliffs and about the rocks they break into spray that serves as "high lights" against the sombre grey and black of the landscape. You pull across to the opposite point, and then round into another smaller bay where the cliffs rise sheer, and the seine net is cast. You come into a little fleet of fishing-boats set round on the outside of a circle of corks, within which is the master-boat, where all hands are assembled pulling at the net, to draw it closer. It is a stirring sight. Some dozen or more stalwart fellows are hauling on the lines with the sailors' cheery cry and the sailors' exuberant good-will. Every now and then the master's voice cries out "Break! break my sons!" when they shorten hold and go over to the other side of the boat, pulling themselves gradually aslant again, till the same order of "Break! break!" shows that their purchase is too slack. At last the net is hauled up close enough, and then the fun begins.

All the boats engaged form a close circle round the inner line of corks, which is now a little sea of silver where the imprisoned pilchards beat and flutter, producing a sound for which we have no satisfactory onomatopoeic word. In moonlight this little sea is silver; in torchlight it is of fire with varied colours flashing through the redder gleams; and in the dark it is a sea of phosphorescent light, each mesh of the net, each fish, each seaweed illuminated as if traced in flame. Every one is now busy. The men dip in baskets, or maunds, expressly made for this purpose, and ladle out the quivering fish by hundreds into the boats. In a few moments they are standing leg-deep in pilchards. Every one on the spot is pressed into the service, and even a boat manned by nothing more stalwart than one or two half-sick and half-frightened women receives their orders; and "Hold on ladies! all hands hold on to the boat," serves to keep one of the busiest of the tucking-boats in equilibrium. The men, for all their hearty



work, are like a party of schoolboys at play. Their humour may be rough, but it is never meant to be rude; their goodwill is sincere, for they have a share, however small, in the success of the catch; and the more they tuck, the more they will have for their wives and families to live on through the winter. It is their harvest-time, and they are as jocund as harvesters proverbially are. There is no stint of volunteer labour either. Men who have been working hard all day on their own account go out at midnight to lend a hand to their mates at the seine. Even though the take is for a hard-fisted master who would count fins if he could, and who would refuse his men a head apiece if he thought his orders would be carried out, they are all honestly glad. They remember the time when a rich school was the wealth of the whole cove, and when a string of fresh pilchards would be given freely to any one coming to the cove at the time of bulking, or, as we should call it, storing. Still, whatever of economic value there may be in this exploitation of labour, it has its mournful side in the loss of individual value which it includes. And no one can help feeling this who listens to the talk of the elder fishermen sorrowfully comparing the old days of personal independence and generous lordship with the present ones of wages and a wide-awake lesseeship, conscious of its legal rights and determined to act on them.

When all the fish have been tacked, there is nothing for it but to row home again in the freshening morning air. The tide is rising now, and the moon is waning; the rocks look blacker, the grey moss-grown cliffs more solemn, more mysterious; the white surf breaking about them is higher and sharper than when you set out; and the boom of the sea thundering through cave and channel has a sound in it that makes you feel as if land and your own bed would be preferable to an open boat at the mercy of the Atlantic surges. The tide has so far risen that you can land nearer to the paved causeway than before; but even now you have to wait for the flow of the wave, then make a spring on to the black and slimy rocks, which would be creditable to even trained gymnastic powers. So you go home, under the first streaks of dawn, wet through and scaly, and smelling abominably of fish, dashed with a streak of tar for a compound. The whole place, however, will smell of fish to-morrow, and for many to-morrows. When the tucking-boats are brought in, then the women take their turn, and pack the pilchards in the fish-cellars or salting-houses. Here they are said to be in "bulk," all laid on their sides with their noses pointing outwards; layers of salt alternating with layers of fish. Their great market is Italy, where they serve as favourite Lenten fare. The Italians believe them to be smoked, and hence call them *fumados*. This word the dear thick-headed British sailor has caught up, according to his wont, and translated into "fair maids"; and "fair maids"—pronounced firmads—is the popular name of salted pilchards all through Cornwall.

The pilchard fishery begins as early as June or July, but then further out to sea, sometimes twenty miles out. According to the old saying,

When the corn is in the shock  
The fish are at the rock;

harvest-time, which means from August to the end of October, being the main season for pilchard-fishing in shoal water close at home. There are some choice bits of picturesque life still left to us in far-away places where the ordinary tourist has not penetrated; but nothing is more picturesque than seine-fishing in one of the wilder Cornish coves, when the tucking goes on at midnight, either by moonlight or torchlight, or only by the phosphorescent illumination of the sea itself. No artist that we can remember at this moment has yet painted it, but it is a subject which would well repay careful and loving handling.

#### KIDDERMINSTER.

THE name which we have placed at the head of this article will be familiar to most persons as that of a small, but energetic and prosperous, manufacturing town in the north of Worcestershire. By its position it is somewhat isolated, as it lies apart from any of the chief lines of communication across England, and perhaps for the same reason it has occupied no important place in the events of English history. The antiquaries of the last century had not much to say about it beyond what was to be gathered from the Domesday Survey, and only amused themselves now and then by an interchange of learned correspondence between some distant Deanery and the Bodleian Library as to the derivation of its singular name. But the modern scientific archaeologist is apt to go a little deeper into things than was the habit of the antiquary his great-grandfather. The good man who drained his bumper of heavy port to the health of King George saw a little further into the past than the schoolboy learner of English history, and did not exactly fix the date

When Britain first at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the azure main

in the year 1066; but even to him the preceding historical period appeared very much as if peopled by a mixed multitude consisting of Romans, Danes, Picts, Scots, Druids, Celts, and the like, from which came somehow forth a race known to him as Anglo-Saxons, concerning whom he knew little, and cared less. Of researches into the buried evidence of prehistoric times, such as are now familiar to his descendants, he knew nothing at all. It is useless to regret the lost opportunities for preserving records of the life

and civilization of a past age which the earlier advance of scientific knowledge might have avoided; but it is very desirable that no indications of any such opportunities which may now come to light should be neglected for want either of knowledge of the subject or of interest in it on the part of those under whose notice they may fall. For this reason we wish to call attention to some traces of past history at Kidderminster which are said to have been found at different depths below the present level of habitation in the town. Of these the uppermost, at a depth of about seven feet, seems to belong to a civilized settlement of some importance; while the lower, at a considerably greater depth, presents traces of human habitation under different circumstances, and of a much earlier period. The facts have been reported by members of one of the principal building firms in the town. It appears that some five or six years ago excavations were being made at the lower or southern end of the town, near the bank and at the level of the river Stour, for the foundations of a factory chimney, and had reached a depth of fourteen or fifteen feet, when the ground is described as having "domed" and blown up or given way, discovering beneath it a quantity of horns and bones, with vegetable and other refuse. On examination these were found to be in the middle of a quantity of piles, standing from four to five feet out of a bed of gravel, through which they were driven to the sandstone rock below. One of these piles was preserved, the rest having been thrown aside or destroyed. It was about seven feet long, and was apparently an oak sapling with the bark still upon it, roughly sharpened at the lower end, very hard and almost black. The surface into which these piles had been driven was said to be about twenty feet below the existing level. Somewhat lower down the stream a similar discovery was made at nearly the same time, but in this instance without the piles. The horns and bones were mixed with vegetable matter, including berries of the alder, which still fringes the banks of the Stour, and rooted stumps of trees which had been growing at the same depth. As it was necessary to complete the building works then in progress, the sites of these discoveries were filled up after examination; but it was mentioned in conversation at the time that the remains of an ancient pavement had not long before been found in the bed of the river at some feet below its present bottom. Such a pavement has within the past month been reached in the progress of some works in Mill Street, which is one of the principal and oldest thoroughfares of the town. A system of sewerage now in course of construction has required cuttings of considerable depth, and in making a connexion with the Mill Street sewer the building firm to which reference has already been made state that "we came upon an old stone pavement about seven feet deep. We also found the old masonry of such a solid description that we had to tunnel under it for the new drains." They add that they "have found much that was interesting in excavating for the new works." The houses beneath which this pavement has been found are two-storied brick buildings, belonging apparently to the early part of the last century, and have been in the continuous occupation of the same family, either as dwelling-houses or offices, from at least that date. The existing ground-floor rooms are scarcely, if at all, above the level of the occasional high floods of the river Stour, so that a street or house level at the depth described would seem of necessity to involve a corresponding depression of the bed of the stream. No record is known to exist which makes any reference to such an alteration of surface, or throws any light on the history of the discovered pavement. But in order to ascertain the nature of the ground through which the Stour passes as it enters the town, an examination was made three or four years ago in the meadows lying at the back of Mill Street, where the soil was found to consist in great proportion of woody and other vegetable matter mixed with clay, to a depth of nine or ten feet, leading to the inference that the whole mass had been deposit washed down by the river.

The existing town of Kidderminster is entirely the creation of its trade. In the early years of the sixteenth century the ancient borough would appear to have so far decayed as to have been little more than a small country village. The population at that date is estimated by Nash, the county historian of Worcestershire, whose volumes were published in the year 1781, and whose estimate is based on the Register of Burials, at 1150 for the whole parish, including the Borough and Foreign of Kidderminster, with all its hamlets, except that of Lower Mitton (now better known as Stourport) on the bank of the Severn. The annual burial rate is taken by Nash as one in forty-five, or about twenty-two per thousand; and allowing for the agricultural inhabitants of the hamlets in the Foreign, he thinks that the Borough can have contained a population of little more than three hundred. But it had been a more considerable place in earlier days. At the time of the Norman Conquest Kidderminster was the King's property, and it remained with the Crown till the reign of Henry II., who granted it to one Manser de Bisset, a courtier holding the office of "Dapifer" to the King. This Manser founded the Priory or Lazar-house of Maiden Bradley, in Wiltshire, which subsequently became possessed of a portion of his lands in Kidderminster, and in the year 1335 obtained the rectory and advowson. At the dissolution of the religious houses the advowson passed, in 1546, to a "yeoman" of the parish, "ex concessione," as usual, "ante dissolutionem facta"; and the right of presentation was exercised in 1550. It has been conjectured that many of the brothers of the house at Maiden Bradley may have taken refuge at Kidderminster, as the names of several persons bearing the then customary prefix of "Sir" appear in the burial registers of succeeding years. A charter was

granted to the town by Henry II., followed by other charters from Richard II. and Henry VI., and in 23 Edward I. (1295) Walter Cardigan and Walter Lightford represented the borough in Parliament. A woollen manufacture appears to have been carried on in the town for a considerable period previously to 1533, in which year a statute was passed for the protection and encouragement of the trade in certain towns in Worcestershire, of which Kidderminster was one. But, without accepting Nash's estimate of three hundred for the population of the borough at the time, which probably allows too large a proportion for the outlying hamlets, it may be taken for granted that, by the middle of the sixteenth century, the town had decayed to a great extent, and had sunk considerably in importance since "a mandate of Henry III." quoted by "Walpole in his History of Painting" (Nash) was "dated from Kederminster, June 3, 1233." The history of the town previously to the Domesday Survey is, so far as we are aware, entirely lost. The buried pavement in Mill Street, and the still more singular discovery of pile foundations with animal remains among them at a much greater depth, alone point to the site as one of civilized habitation in historical, and of settlement in prehistoric times. The evidence which is thus afforded suggests the question whether the physical geography of the site and its neighbourhood throws any light on the probability of its having been a place of ancient habitation. This probability will be found quite worth being taken into account. The valley of the Avon, crossing Worcestershire from east to west, divides the high ground to the south which forms the watershed of the Thames and Severn from the hills and tableland to the north-east of the county, where the watershed is that of the Severn and Trent. From the Avon northward the only affluent of the Severn on its eastern bank which is of any importance is the small river Stour, the Salwarpe, which brings the water from the Bromsgrove hills and Droitwich, being little more than a brook. Above the Stour the eastern bank of the Severn is shut in from Bewdley upwards by a line of high ground as far as the Wrekin and Wroxeter. The Stour Valley thus gives the only opening from the Severn into Staffordshire, and it has been followed accordingly as the line of the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal, by means of which, before the time of railways, the traffic between Bristol and the North-West was carried on.

The course of the Stour from the Severn upwards is by a narrow and somewhat winding meadow valley shut in on both sides with sandstone hills. The general direction of the stream is from north to south; but at Kidderminster there is a sharp bend to the eastward, and the sandstone heights are drawn very near to each other, shutting in the valley by steep rocks where the river passes through the town. The present town lies along the course of the stream and on the slope of its eastern bank; and the position of the church on a high rock overhanging the Stour is popularly supposed to have originated the name of Kidderminster, or Hill-water Church. If our description has conveyed any clear idea of the site, it will be seen that the bend or elbow of the Stour Valley, upon which the town is situated, has formed a natural key to the pass from the Severn; and the earliest traces of habitation which the pile-buildings have indicated are in the narrowest part of this opening, to the southward.

An examination of the lines of communication formerly, as still, existing from the country on the west of the Severn will show Kidderminster to be the point upon which they converge. Between Bridgnorth and Worcester there are now three bridges across the Severn, the lowest of which, at Holt, is of comparatively recent date, is little used, and represents no ancient road. The two other bridges, at Stourport and Bewdley, cross the Severn into the parish of Kidderminster at the two points where the hamlets of Mitton and Wribbenhall lie on its eastern bank. Stourport Bridge was built just a century ago, a little way above the point where the ancient road from Herefordshire and South Wales came down to the Severn, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Stour, and crossed the river at a place called Redstone Ferry, where there still remain cut out in the rock on the west bank the chambers and chapel of a small religious community probably connected with the alien Priory of Astley, who subsisted by the alms of the faithful "as they passed by in their barges," according to an aged informant of Mr. Habington "long since dead" when he wrote, or as they crossed the river, which is perhaps more likely. A farm near this ferry bears the name of Larford, probably the "lower ford," and indicates that the river was fordable where the road crossed it to Mitton (Metune in Domesday), passing thence to Kidderminster by the valley of the Stour. The upper ford, at Bewdley, is still preserved by name in Ribbesford, the parish west of the Severn, of which Bewdley is a chapelry. Two farms, each called "Ribesford" in Domesday, assign the name to the eastern bank also, where the Kidderminster hamlet is now known as Wribbenhall, and where across Bewdley Bridge the main road from South Shropshire still passes to Kidderminster. As Leland makes no mention of this bridge, it is supposed not to have existed in his time. It is worth notice that at Ribbesford also there remain excavations in the rock, consisting of a chapel and chambers, still known as the Hermitage. These are in Blackstone Rock, on the eastern bank of the Severn, and in the parish of Kidderminster. The only two roads across the Severn between Bridgnorth and Worcester are thus shown to have met at Kidderminster, where they were joined by the main road running from Worcester northward on the eastern side of the Severn, and whence two roads struck to the north-west and north-east, leading respectively over the high lands to Bridgnorth and Shrewsbury, and by the Stour Valley into Staffordshire and the

North Midland district. A strong probability seems thus to be established that one of the minor centres of communication in civilized times would be found in Kidderminster, and the buried pavement which has recently been discovered may perhaps be the first of a series of proofs that underneath the busy power-looms of to-day there lie the remains of an ancient town whose existence has been hitherto unknown and unsuspected. The inhabitants of Kidderminster have never been wanting in skilful and persevering enterprise; and we do not doubt that if a case should be made out for investigation, they will apply in the pursuit of historical science the same interest which they have shown in the improvement of decorative art.

#### SCOTCH PREACHERS.

IT is known that the people of Scotland are keenly theological, and very particular as to the quality of the sermons which are preached for their edification. The sermon occupies the chief place in the services, and is regarded as their most attractive and important feature. Indeed, the prayers also are often sermons in disguise. Although formally addressed to the Deity, they are intended for the instruction and entertainment of the congregation; and a well-known Scotch clergyman is said to have added to a quotation from Scripture "For that, O Lord, is the correct translation of the passage." Prayers and sermons equally receive the judicial attention of the audience, both from a literary and doctrinal point of view. The democratic spirit and constitution of the Presbyterian Church probably encourage this sort of popular supervision. It appears to be assumed that anybody who hears a sermon is perfectly capable of sitting in judgment either on its orthodoxy or its literary style; and respect for the Church as an institution is thought to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom of personal criticism in regard to individual ministers. Every preacher is closely watched by his congregation and his Presbytery, and an elaborate machinery of a first court and double appeal is provided, in order to test any charges which may be brought against him. Two ecclesiastical suits which have been going on for some time in Scotland, and have just been decided, illustrate in a striking way some of the peculiarities of this ecclesiastical discipline.

The first of these cases was an objection to the settlement of the Rev. W. Mackersy as minister of a parish called Chapel of Garioch, in the north of Scotland. The grounds of the objection were that Mr. Mackersy's preaching and exposition of Scripture were "cold, dry, shallow, and not well calculated to arouse the attention"; and further, that they were "lifeless, almost destitute of the doctrine of the Gospel, and unintelligible to a large extent." Witnesses were called in support of these charges. The parish schoolmaster, Mr. Selbie, led the way. There was, he said, nothing in Mr. Mackersy's manner "to arrest and fix the eye by a fine, earnest, holy demeanour," "nothing, as it were, to build up in the mind a holy frame." What Mr. Selbie wanted, it appeared, was "burning zeal," and "a warmth beaming from the eye, the face, and, above all, from the intonation of the voice." "You know," he remarked, "what a sleepy preacher does to a sleepy congregation"; upon which some one suggested that "Dr. Kidd threw a book at them." The presentee was also said to be undignified in bearing, expression, and carriage—"a good old Saxon word," added the schoolmaster, "for behaviour." The next witness objected to the presentee's hands, which he thought were very much in his way. "At one time they were in his pockets; then he was keeping the line of the sermon with his finger; and, again, he was ficherin' ficherin', the same as if there had been something annoying him." A farmer thought he was a "cauld, dry, sleepy body," but he may have judged by his own difficulty in keeping awake. Another farmer wanted more "forcy" preaching, while a third could not endure the presentee's "silver-grey sort of eyelashes." A witness said he did not observe anything objectionable in "presentee's use of body, hands, and eyes," but he did not finish his sermons properly. "He proposed several courses, but never followed them, saying he hadn't time or couldn't dwell on them." It was also objected to the presentee that there was no love looming from his eye, and that, in preaching, he did not show "any sympathy in the concern." The presentee preached a sermon about Naaman the Syrian, but a farmer said he saw little meaning in it; "it was just 'a'bout wash and be clean." In support of the charge of unintelligibility, it was urged that the presentee used such puzzling expressions as "a series of unhappy coincidences" and "a concourse of circumstances." If it is true, as alleged, that such expressions are utterly unintelligible to the ordinary hearer in that region, there must surely be something the matter with the parish school, and the presentee might have retorted upon Mr. Selbie, that it was the schoolmaster's fault if the people could not understand him when he spoke English. One of the most frequent objections to the presentee was that he was not "lively," and it was asked whether he was expected to jump about in the pulpit.

Witnesses were also called on the other side. One thought the presentee's voice very pleasant, and added candidly, "If he didn't edify me, it was my fault, not his." Several said they carried home what the preacher said, though in some cases it turned out upon inquiry that whatever had been carried home had since been lost. A railway labourer said he thought all ministers were very much alike in their preaching, and that the presentee was just like the rest. It was suggested that, if the presentee was not so spirited as he might have been in preaching his first



sermons, it was no wonder, seeing "he had a lot of hungry dogs looking down on him, to tak' a bite of him gin they could." Another witness, who took a comprehensive view of the subject, remarked that he was pleased with his preaching, but "there's a hantle o' ither things in the parish besides preaching." A great deal of attention was given in the course of this inquiry to the presentee's eye. Some liked it and some did not; others didn't seem to care about it one way or the other. One of the problems for the Presbytery was whether anybody had caught it. A member of the congregation said he had caught the preacher's eye, but he could not say whether the preacher's eye had caught his. Much "intercourse of the eye" appears to be demanded at Chapel of Garioch. Everybody knows the sort of intimate, confidential glance which a clever actress sometimes casts at the audience, giving a vast number of admirers in all parts of the house an impression that the look is expressly intended for each of them in particular. Something of this kind would seem to be wanted at Chapel of Garioch. Each member of the congregation is anxious to suppose that the minister's eye rests on him in an especial manner; and the next presentee would perhaps do well to take a few lessons from Madlle. Lucca or Miss Nellie Farren. It came out in the evidence that there was reason to suppose that the presentee was objected to, not so much on account of his personal qualities as on other grounds. An Elder had been heard to say that "Mrs. Sprott" (the retiring incumbent's wife) "was owre proud for a minister's wife, but a prooder was coming." And political opposition to Sir J. Elphinstone, the patron, was also hinted at as a motive for rejecting his nominee. Some of the parishioners were offended because they had not been consulted, and thought they ought to assert their independence. The decision of the Presbytery was against the presentee. The mover of the resolution condemning him admitted that his discourses were "rich in religious truth," but then "the different topics treated of were not separated in that marked and unmistakable manner which some hearers need who are unaccustomed to effort in thinking." The seconder observed that no doubt the presentee's manner was refined and cultivated, and his style polished; but, from what he knew of the parish, this was not the manner or the style to suit this particular parish. It would appear, therefore, that the chief grounds upon which the presentee in this case was declared to be unfit for his place were that he did not divide his sermons into heads, and that his style was polished and his manner cultivated and refined. The Presbytery do not seem to have come to a formal decision about his eye. For some time past it has been becoming tolerably clear that Lord Aberdeen's compromise in regard to the law of patronage was practically a surrender of the patron's position. In the present instance it may be conjectured that the Presbytery pronounced against the presentee simply because they saw that a busy and energetic section of the congregation had made up their minds not to accept "Sir James's man."

The other case to which we referred is one of greater moment. A year or two since Dr. Wallace of Edinburgh wrote an essay on "Church Tendencies in Scotland," in which he said that "the equanimity with which attacks on the standards and contradictions of its doctrines are listened to by the Church, and the leniency with which cases of what is undoubted heresy in the eye of the law are dealt with by all the churches," showed that the hold of the orthodox propositions of the Westminster Confession of Faith on the mind of the people had been weakened. He also suggested that a new and living theology might be built up in the mind of the nation by the free action of the Christian intellect on its appropriate objects, and that unless this were attempted—in other words, unless the restrictions of the old standards were got rid of—there would soon be nothing left but an artificial and lifeless orthodoxy fit only for stolid peasants and superstitious women. It must be confessed that this reads very much like a challenge to the Church, especially when taken in conjunction with the sort of sermons which Dr. Wallace was in the habit of preaching. The Presbytery of Edinburgh therefore felt bound to call upon Dr. Wallace for some explanation. The charges against him were that he had used irreverent expressions, as when he ridiculed the idea of praying to a "fidgerty God" who did not know His own mind and was always shifting from one course to another, and that he had also spoken in such a way as to raise doubts as to the reality of the resurrection of Christ. It is difficult to see how the Presbytery could avoid taking notice of language which was certainly strange and unusual, and which, from the orthodox point of view, must be considered extremely dangerous. It would seem, however, that they were by no means anxious to push matters to an extremity, for they have at once accepted Dr. Wallace's assurance that he believes his statements can be reconciled with the law of the Church, and, warning him to be more cautious in future, have dropped the subject. Here again the Presbytery were probably aware that it would be awkward to resist the opinions of the congregation, who appeared to be quite satisfied with Dr. Wallace's preaching, and were no doubt prepared to stand by him.

The acquittal of Dr. Wallace may possibly have an unexpected effect on the ecclesiastical unity of the rival Church. Mr. Knight, a Free Church minister at Dundee, has resolved to quit the Church rather than submit to a prosecution for heresy before the Synod, after having been tried and acquitted by the Presbytery. Mr. Knight's congregation are prepared to keep him company in his secession, and it is said that they will endeavour to attach themselves to the Established Church as being more liberal, or at least more latitudinarian.

MR. COLE C.B. AT HANLEY.

AN address by Mr. Cole C.B. on the origin and work of the Department of Science and Art is necessarily interesting. A lecturer on a subject which he understands better than anybody else is almost certainly successful, and Mr. Cole is the highest authority upon both the past and the future of the South Kensington Museum. It appears that the noble and beneficent design of which the Prince Consort was the author, and Mr. Cole a principal executor, has sustained a temporary check. The weakness of Ministers could not be supported even by the energetic spirit of Mr. Cole. "The Department has hitherto flourished under a management which ensured individual Parliamentary responsibility." Mr. Cole, who knows all about the Department, tells us this, and we must believe him; but otherwise we should have continued under the impression that Mr. Cole managed the Department just as he pleased, and that Parliamentary responsibility was a delusion. Indeed when Mr. Cole says that the Department had had the "sympathetic support" of statesmen of all political parties, it strikes us that perhaps this is Mr. Cole's way of putting the fact that Parliament let him do as he liked. But recently there has been a change. The Marquis of Ripon "succumbed to a malevolent influence" before he resigned office; which means, we suppose, that he was brought to the conclusion that matters at South Kensington could no longer go on as they had done. However, he has been succeeded by Lord Aberdare, who "took an intelligent interest" in the South Kensington Museum when he was Vice-President of the Council. We like Mr. Cole's way of speaking of a Cabinet Minister as if he were a slightly superior navvy whose mind during the intervals of labour was not wholly dominated by beer. Mr. Cole entreats Lord Aberdare to continue to be the friend of the Department, and we fear that it must be weak indeed if Lord Aberdare is its only friend. Mr. Cole appealed to the experience of the manufacturers whom he addressed, and asked them to tell him whether "muddle and bankruptcy" did not follow when there was no individual responsibility. Of course a public department which commands the "sympathetic support" of politicians of all parties is not likely to be bankrupt; but we had thought that a recent inquiry discovered at South Kensington a pretty considerable capacity for muddle, financial and otherwise, co-existent with individual responsibility. However, the burden of Mr. Cole's complaint is that the South Kensington Museum is to be dis severed from the Department of Science and Art, and is thus to be deprived of the benefit of being represented, or supposed to be represented, in the House of Commons by the Vice-President of the Council. The Museum is to be placed under a Commission of great men who will all be too busy to attend to it. We do not ourselves approve of such a system, but we should have thought Mr. Cole about the last person who would have objected to it, seeing that it is the system under which Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have been made the obedient servants of Mr. Cole. It is indeed wonderful to observe the belief of this country in Commissions. Every high functionary is supposed to be capable of doing the work of several days in one day. As a barrister in large practice said, "Some of the work you do, some does itself, and some is not done at all." We should think that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor would be likely to leave the Secretary and Manager of the South Kensington Museum to himself, and if he has only the enterprising genius of Mr. Cole, we shall see what we shall see. There was for many years a Statute Law Commission, which comprised all the judges and other legal dignitaries as commissioners, and a working barrister as secretary. This Commission did quite as much towards consolidating the Statute Law as could have been reasonably expected from its constitution. But it is evident that if that work is to be seriously taken in hand, it will call for the employment of more than one working barrister. There can be no objection to putting big names into a Commission so long as it is understood that they are merely ornamental.

Mr. Cole, however, goes on to indicate that the body which is to take charge of the South Kensington Museum is the Trustees of the British Museum; and there is of course a great difference between an existing body, however theoretically imperfect, and a body which has to be created for the purpose. Probably no member of the House of Commons has so little wisdom as to pick out the fifty busiest men in that and the Upper House and put them into a Commission to decide whether a cup or dish should be lent as a pattern by the South Kensington Museum to the Hanley School of Art. The necessary effect must be that the management would fall into the hands of the permanent officers of the Museum, who, if they have ability, discretion, and perseverance, will do exactly as they please. Mr. Cole states a pretty strong case against the slow-coaches, as he probably considers them, in Great Russell Street. But after all there is only one Cole, and mere men cannot rival the achievement of divinely-inspired genius. It is not, however, the fault of the Lord Chancellor or the Archbishop of Canterbury that there is no railway station adjoining the British Museum. But perhaps a Hanley student of art might remember what Mr. Cole appears to have forgotten, that Euston Square is much nearer to Great Russell Street than to South Kensington. It would of course be idle to contend that the British Museum is fitted up in accordance with modern ideas of comfort, and we fear it cannot be denied that the Museum is occasionally closed for cleaning and repairs. Mr. Cole says that the South Kensington Museum is never closed for these purposes, "and if His Grace the Archbishop really desired to do the work, he would tell him the secret of it." We do not under-

stand that there is any particular mystery in the cleaning of a building which is kept open all day and every day. Even an Archbishop may have heard when he was young a song which teaches

The best of all ways  
To lengthen our days.

The student at South Kensington can eat when he pleases, and finds on every object exhibited a label informing him what it is and what the nation has paid for it. We entirely approve the Kensingtonian provision for refreshment, but as regards the money spent by the nation on the Museum perhaps the less said the better. It is rather a depressing subject, and we had rather dwell on the facilities for hand-washing and the ventilation. Mr. Cole says that the student "can breathe freely and get no headache." It is rather hard upon the Archbishop and the Chancellor to lie under the imputation that dirt, discomfort, stuffiness, and starvation are the consequences of their management. We have even heard that the old Reading Room at the Museum maintained a special kind of flea of unusual size and ferocity, and the dignitaries in Church and State who form the body of Trustees would doubtless be responsible for the existence of such an animal upon their premises. Indeed, if they assume the government of South Kensington, it will behoove them to take care that there is no immigration of the subjects of their old dominion.

Mr. Cole and his allies always and on all occasions begin and end with the Prince Consort. He asks the Hanley students whether they will permit the work of the Prince Consort, matured and organized with great care and by the labour of years, to be destroyed, and this insult to his memory to be perpetrated. "Would they suffer the means of their own instruction to be taken away or muddled with old-world decaying notions?" Really this is rather hard upon the "fifty persons of the highest distinction who are well worked with other business." Mr. Cole offers to the art students of Hanley his services during the remainder of his life "to preserve from the hands of the ignorant spoiler their privileges and the institution which the Prince Consort founded." "The ignorant spoiler" is doubtless merely a figurative expression for the Archbishop of Canterbury and his fellow-Trustees, who are, we should think, fully sensible that they have already as much upon their hands as they can well manage. Nobody denies that the Prince Consort founded the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington; but it is not altogether certain that he would have approved of all the developments of his original idea. But the memory of the dead helps little in the conduct of the present business of the world. We should think that even an Archbishop, while alive and with the assistance of his chaplain, could manage the dusting and sweeping business and the refreshments better than a dead Prince. Mr. Cole should, we think, have regard to the risk of bringing absurdity on an illustrious name. The services of the Prince Consort to science and art will soon become as tedious as the Irish Church and Land Bills, and the other legislative achievements of the present Government. The idea of International Exhibitions has been done to death; and probably the impression is widely prevalent that art teaching is something different from perpetual fuss and clatter and shopkeepers' puffery, and that the results attained under Mr. Cole's guidance, although valuable, have been costly. To place the new Museum under the management of the Trustees of the old Museum does not strike us as the most hopeful way of going to work, but those who have proposed it must be strongly sensible of the necessity of putting on the drag. "The beneficent spirit of the aims and labours of the Prince Consort" has led us far enough, if indeed it be his spirit that we have followed, and not an emanation from the brain of Mr. Cole. On the whole we are inclined to take a turn with the Archbishop. Let us see whether somebody cannot be found to manage the South Kensington Museum quietly, efficiently, and unobtrusively. It would be at any rate a relief to hear a little less about that institution, and we are not sure that there might not be at once less noise and more work.

#### CAPTAIN JACK.

THE execution of Captain Jack and the other Modoc Indians for the murder of General Canby and Dr. Thomas has furnished the American newspapers with a delightfully thrilling topic. As might be expected, a Correspondent of the *New York Herald* went to Fort Klamath, Oregon, where the prisoners were lying under sentence of death, and had an interview with Captain Jack. The Modoc chief asserted that his tribe were encouraged to fight with the whites by the Klamath Indians, who supplied his men with powder and lead. This ammunition was supplied to the Klamaths by order of the Indian agent, so that in fact an officer of the United States Government provided the means of fighting with its troops. When the Correspondent arrived no order had been received from Washington to carry out the sentence, and the settlers were very much agitated on the question, as, if the law were not carried out, the Indians would infallibly be lynched if the settlers could get hold of them. However, it must have been a comfort to the minds of those agitated settlers to observe the business-like proceedings of the "post-carpenter" in making a "six-foot drop." It certainly cannot be said that the American Government does not do its best to civilize the Indians when it builds such a handsome gallows for their gratification. "The erection of a gallows to hang six at a time is rather an under-

taking, but Mr. Field has erected a framework that will probably prove equal to the occasion." It is a pity that an exhibition of the gallows of all nations cannot be organized as part of the Educational Department at South Kensington. The machine used in executing Captain Jack and his associates might be exhibited in work, and we do not believe that even a lecture on cooking would be so attractive to the ladies. "The uprights stand about seventeen feet high, surmounted by a cross-beam thirty feet in length. The platform, set on pine spiles, is eight feet below the beam, solid at the back, and with a hinged front, on which the criminals will be placed standing. The cutting of a single rope will upset the three supports of the front of the platform, and give the six murderers a six-foot drop." We should think that Mr. Field, the post-carpenter at Fort Klamath, would be likely to obtain a medal for this ingenious arrangement, of which the working might be shown by lay figures on half-crown days.

The author of *Life among the Modocs* quotes an Indian saying that "it does not take many words to tell the truth." But if we may judge from the conversations reported in the *New York Herald*, the vocabulary of the Modocs is sufficiently copious for a large amount of lying. Captain Jack alleged, and probably with truth, that he was urged on to the murder by two Indians more bloodthirsty than himself, called Sconchin and the Curly-headed Doctor. Jack's sister, whom the writer calls Princess Mary, told him that it was only through the persistent and determined action of these two Indians in haranguing and otherwise writing blood in the minds of the tribe that Jack, in order to retain his ascendancy as chief, was obliged to take the lead in the execution of their designs. Sconchin had been by general agreement foremost in every deed of blood, and had used his influence with the younger men of the tribe to incite them to further atrocities. In November he led the murderers on Lost River; in February he endeavoured to incite the tribe to murder the visitors to his camp in the lava beds (among whom, as we understand, was the Correspondent); and, lastly, he was the instigator and main conspirator in the plot to murder General Canby and the Peace Commissioners. As a native informant put it, "Klamath Indian tell us bad tale; say Boston people kill you all; I no believe him; say he tell lie; Sconchin believe him; he say he speak truth." It must be gratifying to the enlightened citizens of Boston to hear that the Indian mind contemplates their city as a type of Eastern civilization, and the giver of all good gifts, including a magnificent gallows constructed regardless of expense for the benighted West. The Correspondent opened his talk by saying, "I have travelled eleven days from the East from Boston." Sconchin and other Indians who had killed settlers were afraid to make peace; "he talk fight in council; he say I kill Canby." Then Captain Jack was obliged to say, "I am chief; I kill Canby. I want no one to come with me." It is probable that this is a true account. The more guilty led on the others, until all became involved in the same condemnation. "Captain Jack no like to see Sconchin chief of Modocs." Perhaps we might say that Captain Jack's reason for killing General Canby was almost as good as the French Emperor's reason for going to war with Germany. Captain Jack had traded at Yreka for twenty years, and he appreciated the comforts of civilization. "Captain Jack not afraid of Boston people—want peace. Sconchin he kill many; he afraid; no let Captain Jack make peace." It appears that among the other developments of Eastern civilization an "embalmer" had found his way to California, with the prospect of preserving and exhibiting the remains of Captain Jack. But Mr. Sherwood, the embalmer, had been obliged to abandon this promising idea in consequence of an order from General Schofield prohibiting the mutilation of the bodies of the Modocs. The Indians, or what is left of them, must have a queer idea of that city of Boston which sends them so many and various examples of its civilization. There is first the trader, then the missionary, then the soldier, then the newspaper Correspondent, then the hangman, and, lastly, the embalmer. The project of embalming was not actually carried out, but still it might have been. The United States Government performs an act of stern but necessary justice. Captain Jack and his associates are hanged in punishment of treachery, and for the satisfaction of the aggrieved settlers of the Lost River basin, and it is actually contemplated by a citizen of the United States to make money by exhibiting the embalmed body of Captain Jack. We are bound to confess that the exhibitor would have made a fortune in London, particularly if he added a model of the gallows to the identical body of the criminal who was hanged upon it. Indeed Madame Tussaud and her room of horrors would have been temporarily nowhere; for wax models are a poor and tame affair when we have the opportunity of seeing real human flesh. It was expected that the Modocs would burn the bodies of their warriors, and hold various savage ceremonies; and we hope that the Correspondent will remain at Fort Klamath as long as there is anything for him to describe. But still we feel that a mere description, however graphic, of burning bodies and other savage rites, would not produce in our mind a sensation equal to that of seeing the embalmed body of a murderer.

Such an opportunity for big type as the hanging of four out of six condemned Indians does not happen often; and we find more than a side of large print in the *New York Herald*, headed by the word "Retribution," in letters more than half-an-inch high. It is a pity that the much-afflicted reporters of the Tichborne case do not have recourse to the American plan of large type sub-



headings. Dr. Kenealy could not complain that his own illness was conspicuously notified. "Terrific grief of the squaws and papooses." This style, which our newspapers only use upon the placards of the newsvendors, forms in America an important part of the newspaper itself. We have no doubt the readers like it, and, as a literary article, it is not expensive. Another of these sub-headings is "Address to the Captives by the Post-Chaplain," who, like the post-carpenter, appears to have done everything he could to make the sufferers comfortable. Seonchin, who by general agreement was the greatest ruffian of the lot, expressed his belief that the Great Chief of Washington had been misled by false evidence, but that the Great Spirit who looks from above would see Seonchin in chains and know that his heart was good. It must be owned that Seonchin, with the help of two interpreters and the reporter, made an exceedingly good speech, and there was truth as well as dignity in his concluding words:—"I would like," he said, "to see the Big Chief face to face and talk with him; but he is a long distance off, like the top of a high hill, with me at the bottom, and I can't go to him; but he has made his decision, made his law, and I say let me die." Equally atrocious criminals happening to be not quite so far from the top of the hill have managed to reach it by the help of influential friends, and have escaped the extreme penalty of their crimes. The lawyers, however, could do nothing for Seonchin, as he was tried under a military Commission, which would take little heed of legal technicalities even if it had been possible to invent any in so plain a case. Besides listening to the orations of the prisoners and the lamentations of the squaws, the reporter made a little excursion from the fort to see Mr. Field's patent drop tested, and "it worked like a charm, letting down the trap every time without fail." A party of citizens stood around the scaffold and appeared highly interested with the device of Mr. Field's plan to lower the drop. It strikes us that the style of our playbills must have been formed on that of the sensational columns of American journals—"The Exhortations by the Post-Chaplain, the Mechanical Effects by the Post-Carpenter," &c. The reporter, with a just appreciation of his countrymen's taste, calls this hanging a "social gathering," and adds that Oregon is specially sociable in this way. Among other arrivals, Bob Whittle and his wife and daughter had come with the intention of seeing Jack and party hang, and also of paying a visit to Hooker Jim with a six-shooter, which the reporter thinks would be a convenient supplement to the operation of the law. Several Indians not included in the ingenious arrangements of Mr. Field were "wanted" by the Sheriff of Jackson County for murders on Lost River, and on the whole it would appear that the pacification of the country was proceeding satisfactorily. Two of the condemned Indians were reprieved by the President, on the ground that they had only obeyed the order of their chiefs. The reprieve arrived several days beforehand, but was kept secret until the morning of execution, "in order not to excite any jealous feeling among those not so kindly dealt with." This was certainly very considerate towards the men that were to be hanged, but perhaps less so towards the men who were to be spared. These two men would be imprisoned for life at Alcatraz, the prison of San Francisco, where the reporter thinks they are likely to pass "a pretty dull season." It may be hoped that they were duly impressed by the chaplain's discourse, which was addressed to them under the supposition that they were to be hanged next day. The reporter of course took full notes of this address, which is printed in the same type as his description of the fatal drop. The whole thing is treated as what the reporter himself calls it, "the Last Act of the Tragedy." The Indian spectators would probably understand that the President of the Union and the Governor of Oregon were executing justice. The murder of General Canby and Dr. Thomas would be condemned even by their own moral code; the military judges, the chaplain, and the hangman would fit into their scheme of things, but they must have been puzzled to account for the reporter. Probably they would think that if the city of Boston takes so much interest in hanging, it would be easy, and not expensive, to have a performance nearer home.

## REVIEWS.

### M. LITTRÉ'S DICTIONARY.\*

NO language that we have ever studied, or attempted to study, possesses a Dictionary so rich in the history of words as this great work which M. Littré has fortunately lived long enough to complete. To the love of order, system, and clearness which belongs to the French mind, he has joined a degree of patience in research, and scientific thoroughness in comparison, which we have been accustomed to associate with German rather than with French erudition. The courage which could undertake such a task as this might have been considered mere uncalculating rashness if the workman had not lived to complete his colossal performance; but as the edifice stands here before us, absolutely finished even to the smallest finial, to the tiniest leaflet of its all but infinite detail, and nothing is left to the future but the simple duty of preservation, whilst the builder of it is still alive and still intellectually active, we are compelled to

admit that the courage which undertook it was neither rashness nor self-conceit, but a noble consciousness of gigantic powers that were fit for gigantic toils.

Let us make an attempt, in the first place, to convey an accurate idea of what the work really is. The printing is so close, and the paper necessarily so thin, that without arithmetic we are sure to suppose a work of this nature to be far less considerable than it is in reality. The entire work contains 4,708 pages, each page consisting of three columns, and each of these columns (as we have ascertained by counting letters and spaces) contains as much matter as three pages of the foolscap octavo edition of Scott's novels. We have, therefore, 14,124 columns, which are equivalent to 42,372 pages of the novels. But the whole series of Scott's novels only occupies forty-eight volumes in the foolscap edition, and, taking them at an average of 390 pages each, which is a liberal estimate, we have a total which does not reach 19,000. So that M. Littré's Dictionary contains twice as much printed matter as the whole of the *Waverley Novels*, with a few thousands of novel-pages into the bargain. It is only after some study and calculation that this prodigious performance begins to appear in its full grandeur. The mind cannot grasp it without effort and reflection. It occupies amongst intellectual things a place like that of a whale amongst the mammalia, or a Wellingtonia amongst plants, and we have to take measurements and make comparisons before we can become thoroughly aware of its importance. Mere bigness is, however, one of the least of its many claims to attention. M. Littré is not the first man who has made a big Dictionary, and we all know that in labours of this kind the author whose name is on the title-page avails himself of the services of others. The wonder is that so vast an undertaking should have been carried through from beginning to end without the slightest hitch or flaw, and in perfect obedience to one great governing idea. The conditions needed for this completeness in execution are in their combination of the utmost rarity. No one could begin such a work without the certainty of subsequent alterations in method, if he were not already in the fullest maturity of his powers, and provided with stores of erudition such as it takes an ordinary lifetime to accumulate. Every literary workman is aware of the changes of tone and style which come over every work that has extended over a series of years, and of the strong temptation to alter the original plan as the mind slowly passes out of the state in which the plan was first conceived. What a nation does with a building that requires several generations to complete, the individual does with a piece of labour that costs him several years. The old cathedrals are often heterogeneous, out of keeping, wanting in strict harmony, because it took too many generations to erect them, and the art of the nation had had time to change its temper and its taste; and so there are big books, such as Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, which are wanting in unity and proportion because the execution of them has been spread over too large a space in the lifetime of the author, and he was not the same man in the last volume as in the first. To carry out such a plan as M. Littré's with perfect consistency, the enterprise ought not to be begun before the age of fifty, and the health and energy of the author ought to remain unimpaired for at least twenty years longer. It is unnecessary to add that age is not the only needful qualification, that the workman must have been prepared for his task by a lifelong exercise of the faculty of criticism, and by an immense erudition, and that he ought to take a passionate interest in the history of language, especially of the language he designs to illustrate.

M. Littré appears to have been gradually led towards the greatest undertaking of his life by studies in old French. These led him to pursue the history of words, and to conceive the idea of a Dictionary in which the history of words should have a very important place. It is probable that at the time, now more than twenty years ago, when M. Littré first undertook his Dictionary, there was not another philologist in France so well prepared for such a task. It is scarcely too much to say that his whole previous life had been an education for this one object, since even his scientific studies and early medical training have given greater thoroughness to the scientific vocabularies which are included in the Dictionary, whilst his labours in other languages have given him a command of etymological resources which is not to be paralleled even in works undertaken for etymology alone. Evidently twenty years would be too short a time for a work containing more than twice the matter of all the *Waverley Novels*—and matter, too, requiring most careful reference, classification, and verification—if the author had not been aided by competent coadjutors. M. Littré mentions five of these—MM. Brant, Huré, Pommier, Peyronnet, and Leblais—especially M. Leblais, a professor of mathematics, who worked long and assiduously at the Dictionary. In the correction of the press, which in itself was a prodigious piece of work, M. Beaujean, a University professor, helped M. Littré by correcting the first and the last proof of every sheet. Two other friends, MM. Sommer and Jullien, both good servants of the cause of learning, and known by other labours, placed all their knowledge at M. Littré's disposal. M. Humbert, of Geneva, when he heard that the great work was in progress, sent a rich collection of literary notes which proved useful, and a few other voluntary auxiliaries supplied technical explanations or practical suggestions. Two labourers in the same field, long since dead, have also aided M. Littré by the materials they left behind them. Lacurne de Sainte-Palaye, who lived in the last century, had prepared a Dictionary of old French, of which only the first volume was published; the materials that he collected fill many folio volumes of manuscript, which are preserved in the National Library; these materials consist of examples

\* *Dictionnaire de la langue française.* Par E. Littré, de l'Académie française. Paris: Hachette.

taken from old authors, and M. Littré has constantly had them before him. Pougens also, who lived in the earlier half of our century, had a project for publishing a *Trésor des origines de la langue française*, of which a specimen was published in 1819, and from which also two volumes were extracted, under the title of *Archéologie française*. As a preparation for this work M. Pougens had made extracts from many authors of all ages, and this to such an extent that they fill a hundred folio volumes, now in the library of the Institute. Whilst the Dictionary was passing through the press M. Littré continually referred to this collection, and by its help was enabled to fortify and enrich his articles, and to fill in what he felt to be incomplete.

After giving us these details M. Littré closes his preface (written before the completion of the work, which came out in parts) with the following words, not unworthy to be meditated by all who undertake great labours, whether, like Pougens and Lacurne de Sainte-Pelaye, they are destined to be interrupted by death after having done no more than collect great masses of material for an edifice never to be built, or whether, like the more fortunate author of the *magnum opus* before us, they are of the happy few who live to see mighty conceptions realized:—

Ici se clôt mon compte de débiteur. On le voit, mon entreprise est œuvre particulière et d'un seul esprit, en tant du moins que conception et direction. Telle qu'elle est, elle a été conduite au point où la voilà par un travail assidu, et, pour me servir des expressions du fabuliste, par *patience et longueur de temps*. Il sera besoin encore de plusieurs années pour terminer l'impression et la publication du tout. Quel est le sexagénaire qui peut compter sur plusieurs années de vie, de santé, de travail? Il ne faut pas se les promettre, mais il faut agir comme si on les promettait, et pousser activement l'entreprise commencée.

The words we have italicized are a jewel of intellectual wisdom. Who could undertake anything considerable if he suffered himself to be deterred by lugubrious reflections on the uncertain tenure of human life? What general could plan a campaign if he stopped short in his calculations at the thought of possible death in the first battle? If Death comes in his character of Interrupter, that character in which he always appeared to Nathaniel Hawthorne, then the work, like Macaulay's History, must remain a fragment, or else be carried forward by the labours of another; but this is not a reason why the first projector should work less actively whilst health and strength remain to him. In M. Littré's case the completion of the Dictionary was not certain; it was scarcely even probable; but by working heartily as if it were probable, and keeping steadily to his task without permitting himself to be discouraged by the immensity of the material to be handled or by the brevity of an old man's life, he made the work, if not a probability, at least an actual fact. His hopeful courage communicated itself to his auxiliaries, and to the head of that great publishing house which has already such substantial claims on the gratitude of Frenchmen—claims which are largely increased by the present noble publication.

A simple transcript of the title is of itself enough to give a comprehensive idea of the plan; but it is only after carefully reading the whole of the long preface that we really begin to understand the difficulties of the undertaking. According to the title, the Dictionary contains, first, in the way of nomenclature, all the words in the Dictionary of the French Academy, and all the terms commonly used in the sciences, the arts, trades, and practical life. Secondly, as to grammar, the pronunciation of every word is figured and discussed whenever necessary; expressions, idioms, exceptions, and sometimes also the present state of orthography, are examined, and all the irregularities of the language are critically observed upon. Thirdly, for the signification of words, definitions are given, and different meanings arranged in logical order, with numerous examples taken from classical and other writers, synonyms being chiefly considered with reference to the definitions. Fourthly, for the historical portion of the plan we have a collection of phrases belonging to old writers from the beginnings of the French language down to the sixteenth century, in chronological order after the words they illustrate. Lastly, as to etymology, the author either determines or discusses the origin of every word by a comparison of the same forms in French, in the different patois, in Spanish, in Italian, and in Provençal. These are the promises on the cover of the volumes, but the work itself goes considerably beyond them. For example, we observe that all the irregular verbs are conjugated (a great help to foreigners, and to many natives also), and that, although the first comparison of forms may be made between the languages and dialects just enumerated, the author gives the parent word whenever possible in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, English, &c., as the case may be.

The preface contains thirty-nine pages of large type, and the "complement" to the preface, a most instructive essay on the history of the French language, in much smaller type and in double columns, occupies about twenty-seven pages. We propose first to give an analysis of the preface, and afterwards some examples from the body of the work to show how the idea has been carried out.

M. Littré begins by telling us that, as such an enterprise is always a very long and heavy undertaking, he would not have left for it the ordinary studies of his life, knowing that it must cost him twenty years of labour, had he not been seduced by the charms of his "plan." Like all men who have indulged in plans, and had the courage to carry them into execution, M. Littré has experienced the great difference which exists between the first intoxication of contemplating or perfecting the "plan" and the subsequent toil and drudgery which have to be gone through before it can become a reality. He tells us that

when a plan first appears to the mind it seduces and captivates, being all light, order, and novelty; but afterwards, when the hour is come for practical execution, when it is necessary to arrange in the framework of the plan the formless mass of material that has been heaped together, then is the decisive trial. "Rien de plus laborieux," he says, "que le passage d'une conception abstraite à une œuvre effective." Still the delightfulness of the plan, and that alone, sustained M. Littré's resolution. He worked on because the plan had changed the ordinary point of view, and raised the level of lexicography.

The first conception of the Dictionary was suggested by the author's studies in the old French language, or *langue d'oïl*. He was struck by the connexion between old and modern French, and by the quantity of instances in which modern expressions and meanings could only be explained by the meanings and expressions of the past, as well as by so many examples in which the modern form of words is unintelligible until we know the forms which preceded them; so that the history of the language seemed to him the only substantial basis for the understanding of it. Then came the parent idea of the Dictionary, the *idée-mère*, as the lexicographer himself calls it—the idea of a Dictionary which should include and combine the present use of the language with its past use, in order to give to the present use all the fulness and sureness possible. Just as in politics it is impossible to understand the feelings of actual parties without knowing the history of the ideas which have preceded modern ideas, so in philosophy we cannot understand the words that are used to-day without knowing the forms and meanings which belonged to those words or their substitutes in the generations that preceded ours. The difference between this conception and the ordinary notion that governs the compilation of etymological dictionaries is the difference between a scientific investigation of successive changes and mere guessing in complete ignorance of them. The difference in cost of labour between the two methods is great indeed, but there can be no doubt which of the two is the more satisfactory to any serious student.

M. Littré is much too intelligent a man to be seduced by the common French superstition that a language can be fixed for ever. He sees that language is always in motion, always slowly submitting to the inevitable law of modification, and he does not believe that either classic authors or scientific dictionary-makers can resist the endless change:—

Sans parler des altérations et des corruptions qui proviennent de la négligence des hommes, et de la méconnaissance des vraies formes ou des vraies significations, il est impossible, on doit en convenir, qu'une langue parvenue à un point quelconque y demeure et s'y fixe. En effet, l'état social change; des institutions s'en vont, d'autres viennent, les sciences font des découvertes; les peuples, se mêlant, mêlent leurs idiomes; de là l'inevitable création d'une foule de termes. D'autre part, tandis que le fond même se modifie, arrivant à la désuétude de certains mots par la désuétude de certaines choses, et gagnant de nouveaux mots pour satisfaire à des choses nouvelles, le sens esthétique, qui ne fait défaut à aucune génération d'âge en âge, sollicite de son côté l'esprit à des combinaisons qui n'ont pas encore été essayées. Les belles expressions, les tournures élégantes, les locutions marquées à fleur de coin, tout cela qui fut trouvé par nos devanciers s'use promptement, ou du moins ne peut pas être répété sans s'user rapidement et fatiguer celui qui redit et celui qui entend. *L'aurore aux doigts de rose* fut une image gracieuse que le riant esprit de la poésie primitive rencontra et que la Grèce accueillit; mais hors de ces chants antiques, ce n'est plus qu'une banalité. Il faut donc, par une juste nécessité, que les poètes et les prosateurs innover.

To counteract the tendency to innovation we have the spirit of archaism, from which M. Littré hopes more than we should have been inclined to hope. It is true that, as he argues, the mass of what is now used as current language has been transmitted to us from the past, and much of it from a remote past; but although the French have a great respect for the traditions of what they call their classic time, which are authoritative, though not authoritative enough to preserve all the forms of that epoch, they are quite remarkable amongst modern nations for the facility with which they have allowed their language to become impoverished by the disuse of words and forms which modern taste has rejected, or lost from mere carelessness, without providing efficient substitutes. If we compare French with English, we cannot fail to be struck with the greater prevalence of archaism in our own language, whilst at the same time we give greater liberty to innovators who add to the stock already existing. The fact is that the French yield much too easily to the forbidding power of present custom in these things. A French writer dares not introduce a new word or revive an old one, when an English writer would do either without hesitation, and it may be especially observed of French poets that they venture much less boldly in the direction of archaism than English poets do. Almost all the celebrated English poets of this century have indulged very freely in archaism, and the tendency to it is as strong now in the days of Morris and Rossetti as it was in *Childe Harold* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. We heartily agree with M. Littré in the value he attaches to archaism; for without it there would be little chance of preserving, and none whatever of reviving after temporary disuse, what is best and most precious in the language of other ages; indeed without it the noble tongue of the English poets could never have been used in the poetry of to-day. M. Littré himself may have rendered a great service in this direction, and his Dictionary may do much to preserve the memory of old French, and even something perhaps, though this is more doubtful, towards a judicious revival of words and phrases which ought never to have been abandoned. He regrets their loss, and believes that a right spirit of archaism would have prevented it. No one is likely to have a better influence in bringing about the prevalence of such a spirit than the



lexicographer who translated the First Book of the Iliad into the French of the *trouvères*.

It is not to be inferred, however, from this strong historical tendency that M. Littré has included the old French tongue in the work before us otherwise than as it was found to be necessary or useful as an illustration of the French of to-day. He has not included obsolete words in the alphabet of his Dictionary. Dead French would be the object, he considers, of labours different from his own, and he recommends it to the attention of the learned. Every student of old French would feel grateful for such a dictionary of the obsolete language as M. Littré would be able to construct if time and strength were spared to him, and it is to be regretted that French erudition has not yet created such a work. The Dictionary before us is indirectly a help to the study of old French, and a rich glossary of old French might be culled from it; yet its object is not to cast light upon the past, but on the present. It is "a register of the uses of the language, a register which along with the present includes the past wherever the past throws light upon the present as to words, their meanings, or their employment." The author is too modest to imagine that the register can be complete, for, to make it so, it "would be necessary to have read everything pen in hand, and he has not read everything; it would be necessary also not to be the first in such a labour, and M. Littré is the first who has brought together the materials and tried to make them serve in a systematic way for the study of the language."

We have not had space in this paper for much more than a general outline of M. Littré's intentions, and we intend at a future time to show how he has put his design into execution.

#### AT NIGHTFALL AND MIDNIGHT.\*

MR. JACOX, author of *Cues from All Quarters* and other works, continues to empty his commonplace-book for the amusement of the public. The string upon which his pearls are arranged in the present instance gives a little more unity to his work than usual. If the literary merits of the book were equal to his design, Mr. Jacox might have put together a really pleasing collection of essays upon the thoughts naturally suggested to us by darkness. As it is, there are some chapters which are interesting to the critic as bringing together the numerous variations which authors have played upon some familiar theme. The comparison of parallel passages by the leaders of literature is in many ways instructive. It is interesting, for example, to see how writers differing so widely from each other as Hawthorne, Dickens, Scott, Leigh Hunt, Longfellow, Béranger, Victor Hugo, and Mr. Trollope have treated the same text of "fire-gazing"; and some practical moral might perhaps be deduced from the long list of writers who have indulged in the fascinating, but, as it is generally thought, deleterious practice of converting night into their time of study. Mr. Jacox, however, is content to give us the raw materials, and to allow us to draw our moral for ourselves. Perhaps we have no right to complain of the limitation of his ambition, though we confess that we have a certain prejudice against books composed exclusively by the help of paste and scissors. We have another complaint of a rather more serious character against Mr. Jacox. His literary studies have been tolerably extensive, but we cannot share his apparent predilection for second-rate authors of the present century. He has been a diligent student of Wordsworth and Byron, of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; and so far his labours have been well spent. But we could willingly have spared his elaborate quotations from inferior novelists and poets, obsolete before they are old, in consideration of more frequent excursions into literature of the highest class. He is a rather indiscriminate reader, in short, and appears, if we may judge from the quality of his extracts, to enjoy *Lady Audley's Secret* as heartily as *Old Mortality*. However we will not be severe upon a gentleman who is at any rate not arrogant or offensive. We will take what Mr. Jacox has given us with such gratitude as we may, simply venturing to remark that perhaps it would have been as well had he entrusted the materials so carefully collected to some one better able than himself to turn them to account. A critic should, as a rule, content himself with distributing praise or blame, and not venture upon the more difficult task of showing how the faults which he indicates might have been amended. For once, however, we will commit a rash action. We will write a chapter from the materials provided by Mr. Jacox. Of course, whilst thus changing places with the author, we do not pretend to say that our own performance would pass muster with a severe critic. We shall merely make a rough attempt to show what might have been done with Mr. Jacox's facts; but we only aim at indicating a possibility, not at effectually supplying his place. If we had been at the pains of collecting the illustrations as well as of combining them, thoughts would probably have occurred to us which might have made our essay more valuable.

The chapter which we select is one entitled "Last Words." Mr. Jacox considers himself entitled to take night in its metaphorical as well as in its direct significance. The first remark which occurs to one about recorded last words is the obvious one that most likely they were never really spoken. Mr. Jacox, indeed, rather naively remarks that we can generally trust in the authenticity of last words pronounced by men who were executed in public. Certainly there are, in such cases, plenty of witnesses; but, on the other

hand, they are in a great state of excitement. Some of them regard the sufferer as a martyr to a good cause, and others regard him as a criminal undeserving of sympathy; and, in fact, an atmosphere of legendary exaggeration grows up in such cases quite as easily as round the death-bed of a great man, whose last moments may be passed in a tranquillity which leaves room for quiet observation. The real peculiarity of the last words attributed to the victims of public justice is that the sufferer is generally more or less acting; we do not mean that he is acting in the sense of being insincere, but that he feels himself to be playing a part in a most exciting drama. The dying speech will, consequently, be less spontaneous and more consciously intended for public consumption. The most interesting last words, therefore, are those which we can believe to express the most intimate sentiment of a man passing consciously into eternity. Considered as a species of literary composition, they should be a kind of anticipatory epitaph; they should be sufficiently characteristic to express the idiosyncrasy of the speaker, and at the same time should express some pathetic sentiment common to all mankind; for, at the last solemn moment, the petty interests of the individual should disappear. Pope speaks of dying words as exhibiting the "ruling passion strong in death"; and the phrase which he gives to Cobham, "Oh, save my country, heaven!" is an excellent example of what a dying speech ought to be. The authenticity of the very similar words attributed to Pitt has been disputed; though it seems that he really said something of the kind. The only criticism which occurs to one is whether even patriotism is not too narrow a passion to occupy the mind in the presence of death. Death should elevate us above ties to any special country. We incline to prefer, therefore, the dying words of Nelson:—"Thank God, I have done my duty." They are thoroughly characteristic; and though the duty which Nelson had accomplished, involving the destruction of a large number of his fellow-creatures, was perhaps scarcely quite fit for a dying congratulation, yet the general sense of accomplished duty is undoubtedly amongst the noblest of consolations.

Let us expose to a similar test a few of the earlier dying words mentioned by Mr. Jacox. Martin of Tours said to the devil as he was dying, "Thou hast no part in me; I go to Abraham's bosom." Here there is not much that is specially characteristic, and the sentiment may perhaps be considered as savouring too much of what has been called other-worldliness. Joy at escaping the devil is after all rather a selfish sentiment. Bede expired whilst repeating the Doxology. Such an end is edifying; but there is a want of special applicability. To turn to Pagan philosophers, Marcus Aurelius said to the centurion of the watch, "Turn to the rising sun, for I am setting." Here we may feel that the touch of sarcasm which mingles with the melancholy is a little out of place. A nobler sentiment is attributed to Antoninus Pius, who gave to the tribune asking for the watchword the last word "Æquanimitas." If authentic, this is one of the noblest of dying words; being at once highly characteristic and conveying the best teaching of philosophical morality. The chief objection that can be made to it is that it savours a little of a lesson learnt by rote. This fault is a very fatal one, for we naturally lose nearly all interest in a dying speech when we feel that it is merely an attempt to catch at an accustomed formula, and therefore betrays less the genuine feeling of the man than an instinctive disposition to do what is expected of him. The last words attributed to Michel Angelo, "In your passage through life, remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ," are really impressive; because we can believe that such a thought occurred to a religious mind with unusual force at the last solemn moment. But we are not much interested by Cranmer's repetition of the dying words of St. Stephen; for words, however impressive in the mouth of the first man who used them, lose their force by the very fact of being a repetition. What Cranmer really meant to say was simply, I am a martyr on the pattern of the first; and the sentiment, though certainly not unbecoming, was not sufficiently individual to be impressive. The wish about his hand is far more pathetic; though our judgment of its value will be necessarily biased by the view which we may take of his previous life. Another dying phrase is characteristic in the mouth of the speaker, but has not sufficient interest in itself to make it pathetic. "I die like a good Catholic," said Philip II., "in faith and obedience to the Holy Roman Church." Hooker's last words are to us a more impressive embodiment of a similar thought:—"I could wish to live to do the Church more service, but cannot hope it; for my days are past as a shadow that returns not." Here we feel another slight quail; the sentence is a little too elaborate for a dying man. Last words should be epigrammatic without being flippant. We are perhaps more moved therefore by the utterance of De Quadra, dying at a time when his long labours seemed to have a chance of fulfilment:—"No puedo mas; I can do no more." There, though the sentiment is exceedingly simple, we feel the pathos of a strong man breaking down, but struggling to the last; and, whatever be the objects to which he devotes himself, there is always something impressive in such a spectacle. With this phrase we may compare the pathetic exclamation of Baxter, "Almost well"—a phrase which is striking by its incompleteness and its consequent breadth of possible significance.

Coming to sufferers of a different class, we have a model of the way in which the dying ought not to speak in the last words of the grandmother of Frederick the Great:—"I am now going to satisfy my curiosity about matters which Leibnitz has never been able to explain to me—about Space, the Infinite, Being, and

\* *At Nightfall and Midnight: Meetings after Dark.* By Francis Jacox. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1873.

Nothing; and for the King my consort I prepare a funeral pageant which will afford him a new occasion for the display of his magnificence." One hopes that the poor lady was wandering; but there is something characteristic of the period in this view of the next world, as a region where we should be able to solve problems just too hard for Leibnitz, and where at the same time the pomps and vanities of the Prussian Court would still be worthy objects of consideration. The last words of Frederick himself belong to a different class. They are simply trifling, and become pathetic only by force of contrast. He told his attendants to throw a quilt over one of his dogs who was shivering on a stool. Something resembling this are Chesterfield's often-quoted words, "Give Dayrolles a chair"; they are generally said to be characteristic, though in an unpleasant sense. They are, however, merely characteristic by accident, if we may say so; for any other man might have accidentally used such a phrase at his last moment, and we do not suppose that even in Chesterfield, a man of genuine ability, though a coxcomb and a profligate, the desire to be courteous was really a ruling passion. We put into the words more than they will fairly bear. A similar misgiving, though in a very different case, besets us about Goethe's celebrated "More light." We have here an odd coincidence, not a great man's conscious expression of his strongest emotions. Another celebrated dying speech is offensive because too conscious. Mirabeau's "Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin-germain," is a melancholy bit of false bombast at a solemn moment. We prefer, on the whole, some dying speeches which, if not very dignified or pathetic, have at least the merit of being genuinely characteristic. James Brindley's phrase, for example, "Puddle and puddle it again and again," in reference to a leaky canal, has a certain ray flavour; and, though morally objectionable, the last words of Thurlow, "I'm damned if I don't think I'm dying," are as good a specimen of the coarse grotesque as can easily be found.

Passing in review these and a good many other instances collected by Mr. Jacox, most of which are tolerably familiar, we are inclined to repeat, How hard it is to die; at least to die gracefully and affectingly. Some touching phrases have been uttered by dying men, and some good ones have been invented for them; but it is seldom that we can quote any such expression with entire satisfaction. We are inclined to doubt whether the best remark upon the subject is not that made by Whitefield a short time before his death. One of his disciples—a charming creature he must have been—was anticipating from him "a special testimony for Christ which should be borne on his deathbed." Whitefield, we may guess, was a little disgusted by this anticipatory gloating over his dying emotions, and replied, "I shall die silent." He died as he had said; and we are glad that there was one less opportunity for an unctuous deathbed tract. When we think of death, and reflect upon the possibility of being surrounded by hungry biographers anxious for a pretty concluding paragraph, we are tempted to wish that every great man would follow Whitefield's example.

#### GRAZEBROOK'S HERALDRY OF WORCESTERSHIRE.\*

WE feel that we should be doing wrong to a herald or genealogist, just as we should be doing wrong to a freemason, if we cut short one word of his title-page, seeing that every word of it doubtless contains for the initiated some meaning beyond what appears at first sight to ordinary eyes. We might perhaps raise a cavil whether Heraldic Dictionaries or even "ancient manuscripts," without further description, are necessarily "trustworthy sources." But we are not just now inclined to cavil. Mr. Grazebrook, as further appears from his title-page, is the author of the *Heraldry of Smith*. Now, if a man must write about heraldry at all, how much better it is to write about English Smith, that most ancient of Teutonic names, which loses itself among legends of Woden and Thunder, than to go floundering about among the doubtful generations of such outlandish and modern-sounding people as Percy, Plantagenet, or De Vere. An enthusiastic genealogist once lamented the hard fate of Adam, in that he could not possibly have employed himself with his own favourite study. Now if we might be allowed to put together certain sagas and certain interpretations of Genesis, we are not at all clear that Adam might not have studied the genealogy of Smith. The Smiths, we are glad to see, fill a considerable space among what Mr. Grazebrook calls the "armigerous families" of Worcestershire, and we are further glad to see that all the Worcestershire Smiths have the sense to remain Smiths, with the primeval sound and spelling. Not one of them has degraded himself into any such grotesque guise as Smyth, Smythe, or Smijth; not even into High-Dutch Schmidt or Mr. Kingsley's hybrid *Smid*. As for "armigerous families," we should have thought that every Smith was in his own nature "armigerous"; at all events it is certain that, without the help of Smith, there could be no "armigerous" families at all. And besides all this it is plain that Mr. Grazebrook's researches among the bearers of the great Teutonic name have done him good now that he has

come down to deal with the names, arms, and pedigrees of smaller people. Genealogy in the hands of Mr. Grazebrook is very different from genealogy in the hands of Sir Bernard Burke. Even when under the spell of the pursuit which doth most gender to falsehood, Mr. Grazebrook never stoops to be what our forefathers called a *Leasbrend* or *Leassagol*, what, if they had not had too much respect for the formula, they might have called a *Leassmið*. We never saw a book of the kind which had so few mythical statements, and those few Mr. Grazebrook always contrives to put into the mouths of other people. The very choicest themes for romance are sternly passed by. Worcestershire contains a Bulstrode; but the Worcestershire Bulstrode did not come to meet William the Conqueror riding on a bull. Worcestershire contains a Grosvenor; but Mr. Grazebrook knows too well what he is about to trace him up to any imaginary nephews or nieces of him whom Bulstrode rode to meet. Worcestershire does not contain a Coulthard; but Mr. Grazebrook does not fail to make a remark in his Preface which shows that, if such a one had been found within his borders, no mercy would have been shown to any pretensions to descent from any one recorded in any of the writings of Tacitus.

Perhaps the ordinary student, to whom heraldry and genealogy as such offer no attractions, but who is perfectly ready to make use of either, as of anything else, whenever they explain or illustrate greater matters, will be most struck by the small amount of such help which they really give. Mr. Grazebrook steadily gets rid of the fables; only, when he has got rid of the fables, there is so very little left. The names and arms and pedigrees of families most of which cannot be traced back more than two or three hundred years, and few of whose members ever did anything of the slightest general importance, do not seem to be in themselves an attractive subject. The facts, like all facts, doubtless have a certain value; but their value would seem to be simply that of a branch of statistics. To know the succession and marriages of the obscure lords of an obscure manor would seem to be knowledge of exactly the same kind as knowing the number of pigs which fattened in their sties, and the kind of crop which grew on every acre of their estates. To the student of statistics all these facts are worth knowing; so is every birth, death, and marriage that is entered in the parish register. What we do not understand is in what way the births, deaths, and marriages of the "armigerous families," so long as they are simply "armigerous" and not in any other way remarkable, call forth any special interest beyond the births, deaths, and marriages of the families which are not "armigerous." As for "old" families, in strictness one family is as old as another; and the forefathers of the labourer have, as a rule, lived longer on the land where they now live than the forefathers of the squire or the duke.

We do not know whether it is wholly owing to Mr. Grazebrook's care in getting rid of fabulous matter, or whether the armigerous families of Worcestershire have really had the good sense to keep themselves more clear of absurd fictions than their fellows in some other counties; but certainly there is an unusual absence of absurdity in these Worcestershire pedigrees. We find very few cases indeed where Howard or Tomkins came over with the Conqueror, or of those more mysterious cases where Sir John Ashburnham, with his full turn-out of surname and French title, is in full possession before the Conqueror comes. Mr. Grazebrook sets aside the claim of the house of Cookes—which, as one of its members founded Worcester College, is something more than merely armigerous—to have "come over with the Conqueror." It is so stated by Sir Bernard Burke, to whom proofs do not much matter; but to Mr. Grazebrook it is "not proven." That is just the state of the case. When King William came into England, he brought his cooks with him, as any settler, whether Conqueror or otherwise, from those parts would most likely do now. The holdings of these cooks are entered in several places of Domesday, but there does not happen to be a single cook settled in Worcestershire. But there are some hard by in Gloucestershire, so that the migration of a Gloucestershire cook, and the descent of Cookes of Bentley from King William's *chef*, is, unlike most genealogical boasts, neither impossible nor unlikely. Still, as Mr. Grazebrook says, it is "not proven." But we may use stronger language when, "says Mr. Shirley"—not "says Mr. Grazebrook"—the family of Lechmere is "said to have migrated from the Low Countries, and to have received a grant of land, called 'Lechmere's Field,' in Hanley, from William the Conqueror." Mr. Shirley—not of course the late Professor of Ecclesiastical History—or anybody else may of course say what they please, but there is no "Lechmere's Field" in Domesday; and though Lechmere or any other family may be descended from certain "servi" and "porcarii," or even from "unus francigena," all of whom are recorded at one or other Hanley, none of these people are at all likely to have migrated from the Low Countries. Mr. Grazebrook however does trace back Lechmere by that name to the seventeenth century, when they already had a "descent." Marry, this is somewhat; for the metamorphosis of Russell into Pakington belongs to contemporary history, and we find from Mr. Grazebrook that Lyttelton is really Westcote, and that Lygon is really Pyndar—not a Theban poet, but a useful parish officer disguised under a grotesque spelling. At the very beginning of the book, it is some comfort to find that the line of Urse of Abbetot has been extinct for some centuries, so that the curse of Archbishop Ealdred did not go for nothing. But when "Nash says"—again it is not Mr. Grazebrook that says—"that Urse was a brother of Hugh, Earl of Montgomery," we get a little puzzled, for who is Hugh, Earl of Montgomery? Possibly Hugh of Mont-

\* *The Heraldry of Worcestershire*. Being a Roll of the Arms borne by the several noble, knightly, and gentle Families, which have had Property or Residence in that County from the earliest Period to the present Time; with Genealogical Notes. Collected from the Herald's Visitations, ancient Manuscripts, Heraldic Dictionaries, Church Monuments, personal Seals, and other trustworthy Sources. By H. Sydney Grazebrook, Esq. London: J. R. Smith, 1873.



gomery, Earl of Shrewsbury. But if Urse was his brother, he must needs have been a son of Earl Roger and of the famous Mabel, which at once confounds all our notions. We are told also from the same Nash that "Urse's badge was a couchant bear; it is carved in stone on every corner of the steeple of Naunton Church, which was probably built by him." Unluckily we never were at Naunton, but we are filled with a strong desire to go there, as this badge-carving in the eleventh century would be something curious, if not unique. Directly after, we come to "Acton of Acton Hall, Ombersley, a family which, according to Habington"—again not according to Mr. Grazebrook—"existed in Worcestershire at a period anterior to the Norman Conquest." The one Worcestershire Acton that we can find in Domesday had belonged to the church of Evesham, but was then held by the Sheriff Urse under Bishop Odo. There were there "unus villanus, ix bordarii, et xii servi." Their descendants, when surnames came into fashion, would not unlikely take the name of Acton, and from them may very possibly spring "the various families of Acton formerly resident in this county." If so, their stock is at least English, and so far better than if they had come of Urse of Abbetot. Thus far we are in the region of possibilities, but we get out of them when Mr. Grazebrook quotes a certain Penn as affirming that certain Attwoods are descended from Simon of Montfort, on the strength of a lion with two tails. The Earl undoubtedly did bear a lion with two tails; but how came any Attwoods to be descended from him? In p. 47 we get the curious metamorphosis by which the Rev. Richard Tompkins in 1832 got changed into Berkeley. Mr. Grazebrook here throws the legend of the Danish Harding into a note, with a reference to somebody's manuscripts. So when he cites Nash as citing Habington for the statement that the "family of Blundell"—a family unknown to Domesday, as "Blundus" is more likely to be Blunt—"came in with the Conqueror and is mentioned in the roll of Battle Abbey," Mr. Grazebrook again warns his readers that "the roll of Battle Abbey is a very questionable authority." When Mr. Grazebrook comes to the alleged arms of William FitzAnsculf, a real Domesday man, who was really lord of Dudley, he knows too well to commit himself to the doctrine that any man bore hereditary arms in the eleventh century, but leaves the fable to rest on the authority of Berry. So it is throughout; Mr. Grazebrook never pledges himself to any of the received nonsense, though he does not cast it aside—perhaps we cannot expect him to cast it aside—quite so merrily as we do. It is enough if Nash or Berry or Penn says some impossible thing; Mr. Grazebrook takes care never to make himself responsible for it.

At the end of the book are some lists of families, landowners, &c., in Worcestershire at different times, which have their statistical value; and some other lists which come more nearly to the nature of contributions to history. Such are the lists of the gentlemen who were fined for not receiving knighthood at the coronation of Charles I.; of "those gentry which are to find horse in Worcestershire" in the same reign; "of the lords, knights, and gentlemen that have compounded for their estates" when that reign was over; of the "knights of the Royal Oak," who never became such; and, lastly, "the names of Roman Catholics, non-jurors, and others who refused to take the oath of allegiance to George I."

#### VILLEMMAIN'S LIFE OF GREGORY VII.\*

THIS work of M. Villemain's, though it comes before us as a posthumous publication, is so far from having been left in an incomplete state that it seems to have received his careful and sustained revision through many years. The Life itself was finished in 1834, but the author, regarding the pontificate of Hildebrand as—what in one sense it certainly is—the culminating point in the history of the Papacy, wished to prefix a dissertation on the rise and gradual development of that central power in the Church. This also he had completed in 1845, and from that time till his death, in 1870, he was constantly engaged in correcting, and to a large extent rewriting, the work which he had destined as his contribution to the study of history, and left after all in manuscript at his death. More than half the first volume is occupied with the preliminary sketch of Church history up to the middle of the eleventh century, and it is not till near its close that we reach Hildebrand's election to the Papacy.

Without committing ourselves to agreement with all M. Villemain's views, we shall best consult the convenience of our readers by following the order of his lucid narrative; and this leads us, in the first place, to notice briefly the salient points in that marvellous course of providential development, or successful usurpation, or both together, according to the various estimates formed of it, which marks the growth of the Papal power. For, regard it as we may, a growth it assuredly was, and a very slow one too. Even in the fourth century, as the author justly observes, the See of Milan seemed more important than the See of Rome; and it was the Bishop of Hippo, not the Pope, who dominated the great African Councils of that period. Indeed the very circumstance which afterwards contributed so much to the aggrandizement of the Roman Church was, in the first Christian centuries, a cause of its obscurity. The Christians were lost in that vast metropolis of the world-wide Empire; and,

for whatever reason, very few men of mark appeared among the rulers or members of the infant community. No Church as yet made any pretence to authority over the rest, for the manifold letters and decrees subsequently fathered on the early Popes are now universally acknowledged to be spurious. Nearly all the Fathers and Apologists—and several, we may add, of the Popes of that date—were Easterns; and Tertullian, who was a Western theologian, but of Africa, not of Italy, simply ranks the Roman among the other "Apostolic Churches"—i.e. Churches founded by an Apostle—and, like many other Fathers, interprets the prerogatives conferred on St. Peter as personal, and not intended to pass to his successors. Two centuries later St. Jerome insisted on the equality of all bishops. The threat of Pope Victor to excommunicate the Asian (M. Villemain says the African) Churches, if it proved his arrogance, also proved in the event his impotence. And, in fact, as our author rightly observes, every Church equally possessed at that day the power of excommunication, which only meant the power of declaring that it had itself broken off communion with some other diocese or province of the Christian Church. On the other hand, the comparative absence of the speculative spirit, which left the Western Church free from philosophical attacks and internal heresies, helped to consolidate its administrative and judicial power. "The heresies nurtured in Greece found their judges at Rome." And with the close of the era of persecution a new source of influence was opened to the Roman See. Within eight years of Diocletian's lying inscription which announced "the universal extinction of the Christian superstition," Christianity had become the religion of the Empire; and the first Christian Emperor removed his Court from Rome to Constantinople, not certainly from any desire to favour Papal pretensions, but as certainly with that result. The Pope became in fact, though not yet in name, the ruler of Rome. Then came the great Arian controversy, and Athanasius, as well as other orthodox bishops of the East who were oppressed by the Imperial Court, sought redress at Rome, till at last a sort of modified right of hearing appeals was conferred on the Pope by the Council of Sardica. But of Papal infallibility there was not the faintest notion. Athanasius and Hilary speak with indignant contempt of the apostasy of Liberius. The power of the Popes was administrative and practical, and they were habitually labouring to increase it.

What M. Villemain says of Damasus is true of the great majority of the Popes; they showed a tenacity and active ambition of character which they seem to have inherited from the old Rome of the Republic and the Caesars. Pope Siricius, the successor of Damasus, at the end of the fourth century, who censured clerical marriage in the first genuine Papal decree still extant, may in some sense be considered the precursor of Hildebrand; but when he summoned Flavian, Bishop of Antioch, to appear before him, his assumption of superior authority was contemptuously repudiated. To other, and sometimes questionable, means of increasing their influence, the Popes and Papal theologians of the fifth century began to add the more unquestionably illegitimate weapon of forgery, though it is probable that Innocent I. and Zosimus were not (as our author assumes) guilty of conscious imposture in confounding the Sardican and Nicene Canons. Gregory the Great was incapable of such crooked devices, but he did not shrink from using the services of the Emperor Phocas, who had gained his throne by the assassination of his predecessor, for the aggrandizement of the Roman Church, which however he also promoted, like many of his successors, by the nobler method of missionary enterprise. England and Germany were won over at once to Christianity and to the obedience of Rome. By that time the Papal power was so strongly consolidated in the West that even the notorious heresy of Honorius in the seventh century, and his public condemnation as a heretic by his successors and by three Ecumenical Councils, scarcely checked its advance. The real gifts of Pepin and Louis the Pious, and the fabulous "donation" and actual public coronation of Charlemagne by the Pope, all tended in the same direction.

By the middle of the ninth century Nicholas I. had established an absolute spiritual monarchy over the West, and had all but hopelessly alienated the Eastern Church. We need not follow our author through the dreary and too familiar tale of the dark period of corruption which set in soon afterwards. That the Papacy survived the age of Theodora and Marozia, if not with untarnished lustre, yet with undiminished power, has often been urged by Catholic apologists as a proof of its divine commission. Yet strong protests were heard even then, nor could any more sweeping denunciation of Papal arrogance be uttered than fell from the lips of Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester II., at the Council of Rheims, where the fallibility of the Pope was loudly asserted and his right to judge bishops as strenuously denied. He was actually described as Antichrist sitting in the Temple of God, and directly charged—the Syllabus not having then appeared—with the responsibility of the separation of the Eastern Churches. Of course Gerbert used different language when he became Pope; but Ultramontane writers did not easily forgive his inconvenient plainness of speech, and for centuries his memory lay under the reproach of an adept in the black art who had attained the supreme dignity in the Church through a compact with the Devil. With Benedict IX. in the next century, a boy Pope of ten years old, the worst excesses of the Theodora régime returned for a while, but it was the depth of darkness which comes before the dawn. In 1044 Benedict sold his triple

\* *Histoire de Grégoire VII. Précédée d'un discours sur l'histoire de la Papauté jusqu'au XI<sup>e</sup> siècle.* Par M. Villemain. 2 vols. Paris: Didier et Co. 1873.

tiara to the archpriest Gratian, for an annual payment of 2,000 silver lbs., and retired into private life; and when, four years later, Leo IX. mounted the Papal throne, the subdeacon Hildebrand became the actual master of its policy, though a quarter of a century had yet to elapse before his own election.

Hildebrand, then in the flower of his age, had attached himself for a time to the service of the anti-Pope Gratian, who took the name of Gregory VI., but after his deposition joined the next legitimate Pope, Leo IX.; who already began, under his guidance, to attack the two crying abuses of the Church in that day, clerical incontinence and simony. And while he thus endeavoured by disciplinary reforms to rehabilitate the moral power of the Church, which had been shaken by a century and a half of gross corruption in high places, he was no less vigilant in the cause of dogmatic orthodoxy. Berengar, a sort of mediæval Zwinglius, was first condemned for his denial of the Real Presence by a Council held at Rome under Leo IX. in 1050. Though sprung, like so many of those who have risen to the highest eminence in the Church, from humble origin, and not yet in priest's orders, Hildebrand exercised a dominant influence over the election and policy of the next four Popes. But when his own name was proposed on the death of Victor II., in 1057, he declined the honour, as his biographer says, "ne s'avancant que par degrés aux merveilles de sa vie, n'était pas mûr pour cette élévation." By his advice Nicholas II. introduced the famous change in the method of Papal elections which transferred the suffrage from the Roman clergy and people to the College of Cardinals—an important change, no doubt, but hardly what M. Villenain calls it, "the greatest revolution in the hierarchy since the time of the Apostles." The people, however, were still allowed to signify their assent, and the decree contained a rather vague reservation of the rights of the Emperor, which has sometimes been quoted, absurdly enough, as the origin of the veto exercised in Conclave during the last two centuries by certain Catholic Courts. Nicholas, who fully appreciated the commanding genius of Hildebrand, made him archdeacon of the Roman Church. It was he who secured the election and recognition of the next Pope, Alexander II., against the nominee of the Emperor, Henry II., then a boy of twelve, and, through his counsels, Alexander seized the opportunity of extending the temporal claims of the Holy See by excommunicating Harold, and solemnly conferring on William the Conqueror the Crown of England. In return for these services, and for his ready complaisance in deposing the Archbishop of Canterbury and other Saxon bishops whom the Conqueror wished to replace by Normans, the Pope obtained a grant of what he termed "the ancient tax" of Peter's Pence from England. Alexander's last act was to summon the youthful Emperor to appear before his tribunal at Rome. On his death Hildebrand no longer opposed the unanimous desire of the clergy and people of Rome, who declared that "St. Peter had elected him," but he had the discretion to await the formal consent of the Emperor before receiving consecration, which had in his case to be preceded by ordination to the priesthood. And thus we are brought at length to the commencement of his own reign, which lasted only twelve years, but affected, more vitally perhaps than any single pontificate before or since, the future fortunes of the Western Church.

It would of course be impossible within our present limits to follow out the history of that eventful reign, which is well described by M. Villenain, and with the main incidents of which English readers are familiar in the brilliant essay of the late Sir James Stephen. Reference has already been made to the two leading objects of the Hildebrandine policy. Gregory was resolved to reform the morals of the clergy—marriage and concubinage being confounded under the common term "fornication"—and to put down simony; in other words, to enforce the rule of clerical celibacy and the prohibition of lay investiture. At the very first of the annual Councils held at Rome during his reign, at which, however, no German or Lombardic bishops were present, he not only pronounced the absolute suspension of all married and simoniacal priests, but took the decisive and wholly unprecedented step of publicly exhorting the laity to reject their authority and refuse the sacraments at their hands. His letter on this subject, addressed to the people of Franconia, and preserved in contemporary chronicles—it has been prudently omitted in the pontifical registers—is so remarkable that it deserves to be put on record here:—

Audivimus quod quidam Episcoporum apud vos commemorantur, aut sacerdotes, et diaconi, et subdiaconi mulieribus commisceantur aut consentiant aut negligant. His precipimus vos nullo modo obediare, vel illorum præceptis consentire, sicut ipsi apostolicæ sedis præceptis non obediunt neque auctoritati sanctorum patrum consentiunt. Testante divinâ scripturâ, facientes et consentientes par poena complectitur. Sciunt namque Archiepiscopi et Episcopi terre vestre, quod omnibus fidelibus notum esse debet, quoniam in sacris canonibus prohibuitur est ut hi qui per simoniacam barresim, hoc est, interventu pretii, ad aliquem sacrorum ordinem gradum vel officium promoti sunt, nullum in sanctâ ecclesiâ ulterius ministrandi locum habeant, nec illi, qui in crimine fornicationis jacent, missas celebrare aut secundum inferiorem ordinem ministrare altari debeant. Et infra: Quapropter ad omnes de quorum fide et devotione confidimus nunc convertimur, rogantes vos ut apostolicâ auctoritate admonentes ut quicquid Episcopi delinere loquantur aut taceant, vos officium eorum quos aut simoniaci promotos et ordinatos aut in crimine fornicationis jacentes cognoveritis, nullatenus recipiatis. (*Baluze, Miscellanea*, t. VII, p. 125.)

The new law was strenuously resisted in Germany and other European countries, including England, where clerical marriage was the ordinary practice; at a Council held at Mayence so loud an outcry was raised that the Papal Legate confessed himself con-

vinced of the impossibility of suppressing a custom so ancient and so deeply rooted. The clergy were especially indignant at a method of procedure which, as they complained, by a reversal of all ecclesiastical order, made the people their judges; and where Gregory's commands were carried out scandalous scenes frequently took place in churches, the Eucharist, consecrated by married priests, being scattered over the pavement. But popular sympathy and, it is fair to add, the higher moral sentiment of the age were with him. And in both his great objects Hildebrand ultimately triumphed, though the triumph was a partial one, and in one case at least he might perhaps himself have admitted, could he have foreseen all, that it was too dearly purchased. The investiture controversy, raised at the second Roman Synod he held in 1075, was settled half a century after his death, at the first Lateran Council, by a compromise favourable on the whole to the claims of the hierarchy. Clerical marriage was eventually suppressed; but concubinage—to say nothing of worse vices said to have been almost universal at the time among the Italian priesthood—was not so easily disposed of. From that day to this we have an unbroken chain of evidence, resting on the most unimpeachably orthodox authority, of the wide prevalence of concubinage among the Catholic clergy, which is indeed only too notorious in South America and in some parts of Europe at the present day.

It would be a curious speculation, but one which we cannot pause to enter upon here, what Hildebrand would think, were he living now, of the net result of his policy with the light which an experience of eight centuries has shed upon it. In making the Roman Catholic priesthood into a caste, separated from the laity by a rigid line of demarcation unknown to any other communion in East or West, his success has been complete, and it has proved a source of enormous spiritual power. But the question, even viewed from the strictly Catholic standpoint, must be admitted to have two sides to it, and the moral cost of the achievement has been unquestionably tremendous. On that point we cannot enlarge now. Nor can we linger here over the details of the long quarrel with the Emperor Henry, which occupied and embittered the whole course of Gregory's pontificate to its very close, and found expression in his dying words:—"I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." The familiar but romantic story of Henry's humiliation at Canossa in January 1077, in the midst of "the longest and severest winter of the eleventh century," is told with elaborate minuteness by M. Villenain. We can only find room for a small part of his graphic description:—

Henri, que tant de lenteurs désespéraient et qui craignait d'être absous trop tard, sans attendre une dernière réponse du pape, s'était avancé jusque sous les murs de Canossa, vêtu de deuil, avec les excommuniés de sa suite; et, frappant humblement à la porte de la citadelle, il demandait qu'on lui en permit l'entrée. Admis seul dans la seconde enceinte, au dehors du château, il y demeura les pieds nus sur la neige, jeûnant jusqu'au soir par le froid rigoureux de ce mois de janvier. Il revint, les deux jours suivants, faire au même lieu la même pénitence, et attendant la grâce du pardon apostolique, il était là pleurant. Las, enfin, de cette rude épreuve, il voulait se retirer; mais auparavant il entra, près de là, dans la chapelle de Saint-Nicolas, et, les larmes aux yeux, il suppliait pour la dernière fois l'abbé Hugues d'être son garant: "Cela ne se peut," répondit l'abbé. Mathilde, présente à cet entretien, parut touchée de l'humiliation d'un prince, son parent, et, comme lui, elle pria l'abbé. Mais celui-ci répondit: "Personne, si ce n'est vous, comtesse, ne pourra réussir à cela." Le roi, fléchissant le genou devant elle, lui dit alors: "Si tu ne viens à mon secours, je ne briserai plus jamais de boucliers, car le pape m'a frappé et mon bras est mort. Ma cousine, fais qu'il me bénisse, va." Mathilde se levant donna sa parole au roi et remonta dans le château, près du pontife. Là, elle le supplia de finir la dure pénitence du roi. Les seigneurs italiens qui entouraient Grégoire VII. étaient émus de pitié, et, malgré leur pieuse admiration pour le pape, ils accusaient hautement sa rigueur. Enfin, après beaucoup de discussions et de prières, il parut se laisser vaincre, et déclara que si Henri venait, résolu de confirmer avec serment, par lui-même et par les garants qui lui seraient désignés, toutes les clauses d'obéissance et de satisfaction que le pontife de Rome pourrait lui imposer pour l'utilité et le maintien de la sainte Église; que si, de plus, il promettait de renouveler dans la suite la foi de ce serment entre les mains des garants déjà réunis, de l'impératrice encore absente, il ne refuserait pas de le recevoir dans la communion chrétienne seulement. Du reste, se réservant de juger le roi dans une diète, il voulait que jusqu'au jour de cette sentence suprême Henri ne gardât aucun appareil, aucune marque de dignité, qu'il ne se mêlât point des affaires publiques, et, hormis la levée des taxes royales nécessaires pour sa subsistance et celle des siens, ne fit aucun acte de pouvoir et de royauté. Il exigeait, de plus, que tous ceux qui avaient jadis prêté foi et hommage au roi demeurassent dégarés de leurs serments, et que le prince continuât d'éloigner de sa personne Rupert, évêque de Bamberg, Ulrich de Cosheim et les autres dont le commerce lui avait été interdit. Enfin, pour dernière condition, si le roi manquait à quelque-une de ses promesses, cette absolution demandée avec tant d'instance deviendrait nulle, il serait tenu pour condamné par son propre aven, n'obtiendrait plus audience pour se justifier, et les princes, libres de toute entrave, éliraient un autre roi.

These terms, hard as they were, had to be accepted with some slight modification:—

Ces préliminaires une fois solennellement scellés, le quatrième jour de la pénitence, le 25 janvier au matin, le pape permit que le roi parût en sa présence. Il entra, la plante des pieds nue et encore glacée par le froid, avec les autres excommuniés qui pleuraient comme lui, et, se jetant le corps étendu en croix, il s'écria: "Pardonne, bienheureux père, pardonne!" On dit qu'au milieu de ce spectacle d'humiliation, Grégoire VII. versait lui-même des larmes abondantes, soit qu'étant homme il ne pût se défendre d'un sentiment de pitié pour un si grand abaissement de fortune, soit que, prêtre convaincu dans l'ardeur de foi mêlée à ses passions, il fût touché du retour de ces âmes naguère perdues, que son pieux orgueil croyait sauvées par le pardon qu'elles obtenaient de lui.

The truce, however, was of very short duration. Henry was soon again at open war with the Pope, who in 1080 solemnly excommunicated and deposed him for the second time, and set up Rudolph of Swabia as Emperor. But Rudolph was conquered and slain



in battle, and Henry had himself publicly crowned in the Lateran Cathedral by Guibert of Ravenna, whom he had established at Rome as anti-Pope under the name of Clement III.

Gregory died a voluntary exile at Salerno, May 4, 1085, but he hardly needed the proud assurance of one of his attendant prelates that "the Vicar of Christ can never really be in exile, who has received the nations for his inheritance and the whole world for his possession." He knew that his cause had triumphed. And, as he had in fact chosen his four predecessors, so with almost dying breath he named his two next successors in the Papacy, Victor III. and Urban II., the latter of whom ten years later preached the first crusade at Clermont, and thus roused all Europe to carry out another great design which Hildebrand had planned, though he did not live to execute it.

M. Villemain has not, as his table of contents had led us to expect, attempted any final summary of the character and influence of this grandest of the long line of Roman pontiffs. Perhaps he is wise to let his readers draw their own conclusions; at all events, want of space compels us to follow his example. The best epitaph of Gregory VII. may be read in the fact that he found the Papacy the cat's-paw of schemers and courtesans, and left it in all but name a theocracy.

#### UPS AND DOWNS.\*

WE are glad to come across a book like *Ups and Downs* which reminds us, by its quiet story of domestic life in America, how on the other side of the Atlantic there are thousands and tens of thousands of homes of which the telegraph tells us nothing and of which newspapers never write. We are too apt to think of the United States as a country of Erie Rings and Tammany Halls, of "six-shooters" and bowie-knives; where steam-boat-boilers are always bursting, and railway bridges always breaking down; where rogues, instead of standing at the bar, sit on the Bench; where swindlers, if only on a big scale, are financiers, and where blustering bullies, if only engaged in an international arbitration, are jurists and patriots. We are too apt to think of New York and the *New York Herald*, of Congress and General Butler, of Bennett, Fisk, Jay Gould, Hamilton Fish, and Caleb Cushing. We call to our mind too often the vulgarity which disgusts the traveller, and we forget the home life of which often enough the traveller sees nothing. Such a book as this reminds us that beneath all this froth—and very foul froth too—that is tossing about on the surface, there is ever running a deep stream as pure as it is quiet. We find in it a set of steady middle-class folks who, for all that we are told, are as indifferent towards England as the ordinary Englishman is towards America, who are too much engaged in making love, in making their way in life, and in making the two ends meet, to have time to think of the British Lion and the American Eagle. We find, instead of the rash fierce blaze of riot in which the New York shoddy world so much delights, a life as homely and as picturesque as any that Mrs. Gaskell or George Eliot has described. Indeed we do not know whether the American provincial life is not more picturesque and more quaint than any we can find even with all the advantages of an old country. Mingled with the sober Puritanism of New England, which Hawthorne has so well described, there is to be found, from the constant and varied streams of emigration that set to its shores, the light-heartedness of the Celt, the homely simplicity of the German, and the still homelier simplicity of the Norwegian and the Swede. With all this there is the absence of grinding, depressing poverty, and the presence of nature still wild and untamed. To simple descriptions of such a simple life as this we gladly turn away from the extravagant novels of the present day. As we read such a book as *Ups and Downs*, we get a kindlier feeling towards the honest folk of the North-Eastern and North-Western States, and feel ready to pity them rather than to condemn them for having at the head of their country so unprincipled a crew.

The plot of *Ups and Downs* is after that good old fashion of which so many of us never get tired. We have an honest young fellow pushing his way in life, up one time, down another, but always with a steadfast cheerful mind, hating everything that is mean, and loving everything that is good in general, and a very pretty heroine in particular. We have, no doubt, a good deal of that bread-and-butter love which Becky Sharp so much despised; but then, to our taste, after the highly seasoned food which the novelists serve up to us in all the wearisome sameness of their three courses, this kind of love is still fresh. We have incidents enough to keep us interested, without troubling us to be excited, and we have a certain quiet humour into the bargain. We would not be understood to say that there is any wonderful merit in this story. We read it indeed all through without caring to skip, but then, on the other hand, we should never dream of reading it a second time. It gives us a lively description of a kind of life which is known to us only through books, but which in itself, unlike so many of the kinds of life that books tell us of, is natural enough. The hero of the story, Jasper Rising, is a young graduate of the American Cambridge. The story opens the evening before the Commencement at which he was to take his degree, and to bid farewell to his old University. The short description given here of College life and College customs is interesting

enough, and truer, we hope, to nature than those which are so often given of our own University life. But over this description we cannot linger, for we must hurry to introduce the hero, and our readers at the same time, to the heroine. This same evening he has to drive into Boston, and there, having the good luck to find a boy lying in the street with a broken leg, is at once secure of a sweetheart. For boys who publicly break their legs have sisters, and young heroes who pick up boys with publicly broken legs have a knack of falling in love with sisters. But Jasper did not fall in love at once; for, to quote our author's words:—

This tearful, brown-faced Bertha, who had hardly made out his German, and hardly made him understand hers—this girl of the heavy shoes, the loaf of bread, the freckled face, and the wounded brother, was to be the woman to whom Jasper was one day to give the whole treasure of a man's love, and who was to give him the whole treasure of a woman's. Neither of them dreamed of this, this evening, nor thought of the other for a moment. But, after many up and downs, this was to come. And to tell the progress of those ups and downs is the business of this story.

The next day, after the triumph of his speech at the Commencement, he learnt, just when all the world was young and all lay open before him, that his fine prospects had been shattered at a blow. One of the great American fires had killed his uncle who had adopted him, and swept away all his property at the same time. He hurries off to his desolate home, and going by New York catches a second glimpse of Bertha. She was the daughter of a poor German music-master, whose love for music never let him know that he was poor, and who had but lately come to live in America. He had in New York a wealthy brother-in-law, and Bertha, her brother, and her mother were going to his house by the same train that took Jasper. Now we must protest, whatever may be the exigencies of a hero and a heroine, against a lad with a broken leg being sent, two days after his accident, a long railway journey by the doctor's orders. It surely does not require so severe an accident as a broken leg to bring lovers to each other's knowledge. A sprained ankle has been known to suffice. Jasper renders all the help he can, and then sets off to Michigan, where his uncle had lived, to look after his own affairs. He finds scarcely any property left, and has soon to consider what a gentleman must turn his hand to "who has received the best education his country could give." After making all sorts of trials to get gentlemanly employment, he at last gives up the attempt in despair, and earns an honest penny by cleaning down railway carriages. "As he brought to light the hideous arabesques of the car-paint from beneath the charcoal dust and mud which a smart shower had plastered on them, he knew indeed that his lowest descent was over, and that he was beginning to rise again." He rose so well that at last he found himself one of three partners in a small carriage-factory in Detroit. Things were going on prosperously with him, when cholera swept through the city, carried off his two partners, and brought his business to an end. But meanwhile Bertha had passed from childhood to maidenhood, and from New York to Michigan. Her wealthy uncle and aunt would willingly have brought her up as their own child, but she—with a feeling which, if as common as Mr. Hale describes, is most honourable to America—wished to work for her own livelihood. But here our author shall speak for himself.

And so it happened—of course, for these people lived in America—that Bertha began to occupy herself with thoughts as to what she could do to earn her own bread and butter, her cotton, woollen and linen, and withal her shelter over her head. That is to say, she began to think that she must not live at her father's charge any longer, nor at her uncle's, and to look with an inquiring look upon the shop-girls who sold her tape and needles, and to wonder how they got their places, and who hired them. She looked with a supreme admiration upon the school-mistresses, called "teachers," in the public school where her brothers went. But she did not aspire to a destiny so ennobled as theirs. To her father and mother she knew she should never dare to speak or to write of these day-dreams. But none the less did she dream them; and she was soon resolved that they should not be always dreams, but should become realities.

Her aunt in her girlhood had had the same longings, and so, though loth to part with her niece, willingly helped her to find a governess's place. Mrs. Rosenstein, who engages her, is a cleverly-drawn character, and in point of vulgar insolence shows, if indeed any further evidence were wanting, that the New World fully equals the Old. Jasper and Bertha before long meet at a party to which the whole city is asked, and Jasper begins to think of other things besides carriage-building. Some months before this, while he was still engaged in car-paint cleaning, he had won the friendship of a young Norwegian lad named Oscar, who, like himself, was all adrift in the world. The friendship of these two is very prettily described; and so is Oscar's friendship, of another, though scarcely of a deeper kind, for a very sweet young village school-mistress—a school-ma'am, as the name goes in America—who before long is introduced. Oscar is struck down by the cholera; but among the hospital nurses is found Bertha, who had left Mrs. Rosenstein, and was on her way home when the illness burst on the town. She and Jasper nursed the boy through; and when the time comes for giving him plenty of change and outdoor air, they find room at the same time for some of the good old-fashioned love-making. Jasper is on the point of owning his love when she receives a letter from her father, telling her that his only brother had died in the East Indies, and that he was heir to his large fortune:—

At this moment, indeed, he made one of the great mistakes in his life by keeping silence. And as he thought of it afterwards, and repented of it bitterly, he was afraid that it was a mistake which came from reading artificial novels, and seeing artificial plays; for he had done just as the paper hero has to do. He had refrained from telling Bertha how he loved her, from the stupid fear that she would think he was mercenary and mean.

\* *Ups and Downs: an Every-Day Novel.* By Edward E. Hale, Author of "The Man Without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten," "How to Do It," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

Mr. Hale goes on to add:—

Let the American boy or girl remember that it is not safe to take the illustrations in English or French novels for the guidance of our simple American life.

The English boy and girl, we are quite sure, need to be reminded as much of the same thing, if they would make their lives simple and natural. The old music-master, who is indifferent to money, is annoyed to find that he must go to Europe to establish his rights, but, when rumours come that there are some claimants as children to his brother's property, he flatly refuses to go to the East Indies for all the money in the world. His brother-in-law in Germany was indignant at seeing the calmness with which he looked on the whole matter, and "when the old music-master called God to witness most seriously and reverently that it was only for the children that he cared for it, or thought of it, that Margaret did not care, and that surely he did not care," Friedrich Baum

interrupted the sentiment by his protestations of his convictions that the William Schwarz was a liar and a cheat; that he was in league with Jellaby & Jellaby; and that they were in a league with him: nay, he went so far as to imply that the English courts were no better than they should be; and that, not till justice was administered in Singapore as it was administered in the southern provinces of Denmark, or in the free city of Hamburg, and by the same forms, would he, Friedrich Baum, believe that this William Schwarz was anything but the vilest of impostors.

It seemed at last to be clearly proved that the deceased brother had left children, and that therefore his brother Max had no claim even to a dollar. "The pastor," who had helped him very much in the measures he had to take, "was sympathetic, but even a sympathetic pastor cannot by his unaided good wishes kill three nephews on the other side of the world, far less can he cancel their past existence when they have been in operation twenty years and more." Bertha and her father return to America as poor as they left, and Jasper, who manages to meet her again, at last summons up courage to propose to her. He tells her how he had loved her all along, and had been on the point of asking for her hand when the letter came saying that she was an heiress. He cannot at first get her to speak, and still goes on pleading his suit. But

Bertha still said nothing. They walked a hundred paces, and she said nothing. And Jasper fairly trembled in his terror. But he forced himself to say—

"You are trying to spare me great pain."

"No, no," she faltered; "but, Jasper, why did not you speak then?"

They of course soon get married, for Jasper is again rising in the world, having become the editor and part proprietor of a newspaper. When he ventured to steal away for two or three days from his paper to go a-courting, he bound over the sub-editor under a solemn oath to discuss only "domestic service, and the independence of the judiciary, and religious toleration, and the other safe subjects, and not to launch out into those forbidden themes which, between ourselves, no one living understood as Jasper Rising thought he did." And, when he took a whole week to get married in, he bound him over under an equally solemn oath, "not to say 'commence' for 'begin,' nor 'in our midst' for 'among us,' nor 'we nibbled our pen,' nor 'we laughed in our sleeve.'" We wish, before Mr. Hale turns author again, we could bind him over under a solemn oath to spell "honour," "parlour," "colour," "labour," "humour," and the rest, as all English-speaking people ought to spell them. A publican who pays so much a letter for all inscriptions may perhaps be excused if he cuts down "parlour" to "parlor." But who can believe that love can be made in a "parlor"? Who but a rogue would cheat "honour" of one-sixth part of its belongings, and who that has an eye for anything has "an eye for color"? Mr. Hale writes too pleasantly and too picturesquely to follow in the lead of those ignorant writers who have learnt just enough Latin to enable them to blunder in the spelling of their own language.

#### ENGLISH MATRONS, AND THEIR PROFESSION.\*

MOST books owe a vast deal to chance. As the reader, on first taking a volume into his hands, happens to light on what engages or repels him, he addresses himself to a more serious perusal attracted or prejudiced, and is very apt never to shake off the first impression. Obviously this must be the case where the writer is unequal, and does not know the measure of his own powers; and especially where a limited experience is made the basis for the widest generalizations. Real experience, honestly stated, is a power which tells at once on every candid mind. The inferences drawn from it are altogether another matter, depending on a great many other things than trust in the veracity and good intention of the narrator. Nor is it only that fact and experience are in themselves more weighty than are, in most hands, deductions from them; they impress their superiority by the very different style in which they are delivered. Experience is, as it were, a witness on oath, and expresses itself with caution and gravity; deductions and assumptions set tongue and pen at liberty, and open the door to fancy, temper, and bias. The book before us, *English Matrons*, which has grown out of two lectures delivered in 1871 at the meeting of the Social Science Association, is made up in very unequal portions of experience and argument; and the reader's—at any rate the male reader's—estimate is very likely to be formed precisely as he finds himself engaged

on one or the other. If he opens where the authoress expatiates on the steady growth of injustice in man, and on the wrongs which woman suffers at his hands, and finds himself addressed as her sovereign and subjugator in a tone avowedly that of the Importunate Widow, but tinged with a modern dash of flirty querulousness which does not add to its dignity—for surely the widow of old would never have apostrophized the unjust judge as one of that "amazing sex"—if he lights on the threat that, unless he treats his subject better, man as such "must become the object of woman's distrust and dislike," or on the warning to women who "venture to marry" in the present state of the law, "that their condition will be more unsafe than ever," or on the prophecy that women who cannot or will not resist man their oppressor "must become more and more helpless, cunning, and slavish, and must bring forth more and more abundantly the immoral fruits of slavery"—he will think that he has heard all this before, and will see nothing in the new way of telling either to recommend or enforce it. He finds the writer resenting the powerlessness of woman:—"They who are placed by the State in a condition of perpetual pupillage and subjection cannot, as a rule, exert much moral influence over those that are free"; and he doubts whether woman emancipated under her training would exercise over herself personally a more persuasive power.

It is part of the policy of social revolutionists to alter the meaning of words. Certain words cannot be done without, but they may be made to convey new and even contrary ideas, and in a manner be turned against themselves. Thus an idea of privacy attaches to woman's work and office, which the words Matron, Mother, and Home in their familiar meaning all encourage. All these are now invested with a new and enlarged significance and are constituted public offices. "By matrons," we read, "we do not understand married or elderly women only—we mean all women of whatever age who accomplish any part of the home creating or maintaining work... from the princess who makes a home for our future king... down to the little maiden in the scullery, who, without knowing it, is helping to maintain order, &c." By the term mother we are not allowed to suppose any necessary connexion with maternity; the house-mother is independent of such material relations. By home "we are not to understand merely, or even mainly, a man's private house; we are not thinking only of the individual home of the private family." Especially we must learn that the ideal home is not subservient to a masculine head, graced by the title House-Despot; and that while Home in its largest and fullest sense may exist without man, no home is possible without woman. Nay, the very term Man is shorn of its strength, and "mannish writers" are sneered at; by which phrase we are to understand, not women who affect a manly tone, but men who write like men because they are imbued with the weaknesses and stupidities of their sex. It is very important to arguments carried on in this Amazonian spirit to extend the crowning titles of womanhood—to enlarge the franchise, as it were; for wives come off but poorly. They have "ventured," and given in; some of them openly and selfishly declare themselves satisfied with things as they are, and are called drawing-room toys for their pains; while we are led to suppose that the sex as a whole groans through all its ranks, that women feel their intellects deliberately dwarfed—lest culture should awaken power—that a weight of unjust laws grinds them down on the one hand, and neglects and throws them over on the other. If we class our authoress among social revolutionists, her means rather than her ends for the most part justify the classification. She is no subverter of ranks and degrees, nor does her subject lead her to discuss the loftier pretensions of the movement; indeed we read long before we find a definite purpose, or anything more than vague, though violent, general charges; till suddenly, from a talk of woman's right to equal laws and equal opportunities, we come upon a demand for a monopoly of the most startling character. It is nothing short of exacting for woman as her right the whole teaching of the nation—high and low, boys and girls—up to the age of eleven. It is granted that she is incapable of this charge at present, because men refuse to educate her; but the privilege belongs to her in the nature of things, and it is men's business to fit her for it, and then to hand it over in implicit deference to her superior qualifications:—

Our next question must be, What is the proper educational province of these women educators and teachers? Besides that share in the education of our young nation which, whether we wish it or not, is and must practically be given to our matrons, I want to claim for women, first, for the greatest part of the education, and all the teaching, of all our children up to eleven years at least. After that has been provided for, considering the share women must of necessity have in the education of all, and that the teaching of our girls must be chiefly left to women, and will be always under their control—it is not too much to say that, in the work which remains to be done, women do and must share equally with men.

Proof of fitness to warrant this comprehensive demand is not necessary under the author's view; but the fact that a lady who has had great success in preparing children for public schools thinks with her is given as conclusive. It is her opinion that woman alone can ground thoroughly, that she alone can impart an exact thorough teaching of the first elements of knowledge, and lay a sound foundation in the habits of a child's mind. With such fundamental gifts, it certainly may surprise "the amazing sex" that women should develop into beings so utterly inaccurate, ignorant, and helpless as she describes them to be for the want of the privilege of man's preliminary training.

It is where our author, leaving theory and speculation on what her sex might be and do under wholly altered conditions, descends to her personal experience, that she becomes an authority.

\* *English Matrons, and their Profession.* By L. F. M. London: Sampson Low & Co.



She has visited hospitals and workhouses, has nursed and has superintended nurses; and here we must say that our own limited knowledge of facts supports many of her statements of neglect and mismanagement, and disposes us to receive her suggestions with deference. Under the common hospital system, it would seem as if boards, subscribers, and patrons can do everything but secure to the patient the essential ministrations on which his recovery mainly depends. Doctors will differ in character as well as opinion; but it is not of the doctor that the patient complains in confidence; it is of the nurse—rough, rude, negligent, impatient, often defiant of the doctor's orders and contemptuous of his authority. The authorized presence of a trained and educated woman would be as welcome to the patient as it would be troublesome to officials of this class, and perhaps to the whole staff, who like things to go smoothly, and—encouraged in their objection to complaints by the fact that patients who bring them are commonly of the class who grumble because it is their nature to grumble, not from any good reasonable ground—make a principle of turning a deaf ear to them. It is not so easy to do so to a lady less dependent on their favours, though complainants will always be a nuisance, and suggest unfavourable comparisons with non-complainants—"We don't have these complaints from other wards."

A whimsical application of this stereotyped answer was once made to myself. I had orders to feed up a patient, whose main support was eggs, with milk and brandy. The eggs supplied to the hospital at the time were often bad, and, according to laws in such cases made and provided, I had to go down to the steward's office with my basin of bad eggs and get others in exchange. The clerk on duty bore this in silence for a couple of days; then, with a visible effort to control his displeasure, he exclaimed, "Really Miss —, it's a most extraordinary circumstance that there are no bad eggs in any ward but yours."

Certain it is that this lady's experience shows at once the usefulness of an educated woman of superior social position in the hospital ward, and her want of welcome with all but the patient; but the reader of some of these chapters may possibly see some reason for this less damaging to the parties reflected on than she may be cognizant of. There is an excellent passage on the training of the hand as an essential part of woman's education; though we believe that strength will always give to man's trained hand a delicacy of touch unattainable by woman. For this purpose she finds the piano perhaps the best training power, but sewing and knitting the most available for the masses. The part she gives to the needle in the education of the matron would satisfy the most old-fashioned requirements; it lends, however, to a demand for female Inspectorships for schools and workhouses; all her powers of sarcasm being called into exercise on the fact of Government leaving this branch of supervision in the hands of men.

The whole book, so far as it is practical, involves an altogether new mode of training for old-fashioned duties. In the first place, funds must be raised for their adequate teaching, without which woman's mission stands still. Instruction is to be the first step, cultivation the next—forming between them the perfect matron, who is to be the source of that part of civilization which women are to supply. "Before we can secure any of it, we must have a generation of women who have themselves been civilized." This for the masses. The ideal scholar, educating herself for matronhood, is to have as exact a technical training for her profession as her brother has for his of soldier or engineer. This must begin at the age of twenty or twenty-one; her three subjects being household management, children and their primary instruction, and the laws of health in nursing the sick. The method of acquiring these looks all very well upon paper, but would certainly be found difficult in practice. Thus the young student is to take the temporary management of her mother's household, and to train the maidens to habits of economy, &c., forgetful of the fact that no servants will serve two masters, and that authority is not a thing transferable. In preparation for the family in the future, she is not to trust to instinct as though she were a sagacious cat, but to attend regularly and for a considerable time at a good infant school, extending her study to the German Kindergartens. This will take two years; a third year is to be spent in one of our great nursing schools. This course "will qualify her equally for superintending a great public institution or becoming on marrying a centre of civilization and moral culture." Until women have educated men, perhaps such a centre of civilization will be beyond even their aspirations. Men's stomachs—that is, the stomach of their sense—are, as the good woman says, so comical in their present rude state, that they may like more private training, with all its shortcomings, under the notion of indoctrinating their wives with their own tastes, views, or pursuits.

We are not sure that a very narrow field of experience is not worse than general ignorance as the foundation for wide exhaustive theories. A little knowledge so soon embraces the whole field of inquiry. Thus the author's acquaintance with London poor leads her to misjudge all poor; a smattering of political economy induces her to decide in favour of gambling and horse-racing in men over female extravagance in silk gowns and ices at Gunter's; newspaper philippics on modern servants lead her to denounce our present race of women servants as exceptionally incompetent and inferior in trustworthiness to men in the same calling. On all such points the reader will find himself with equal materials for judging with his author, and is very likely to have arrived at different conclusions. But where he differs he will still recognize an ardent zeal for the true interests of women, guided, we will add, by earnest religious and Christian principle.

## SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.\*

(Second Notice.)

IT had been agreed between Admiral Codrington and his Russian and French colleagues that the combined squadrons should come into the port of Navarino "in order to induce Ibrahim Pacha to discontinue the brutal war of extermination which he had been carrying on" against the insurgent Greeks. Accordingly on the 20th of October, 1827, Admiral Codrington's flag-ship, the *Asia*, of 84 guns, led into the harbour, and anchored close alongside a ship of the line bearing the flag of the Capitana Bey. Two other English line-of-battle-ships followed, and found "proper opponents" in the front line of the Turkish fleet. The Russian and French ships also placed themselves in suitable positions for effective action. The Admiral gave orders "that no gun should be fired unless guns were first fired by the Turks, and these orders were strictly observed." The three English ships were accordingly permitted to pass the batteries, and to moor, as they did with great rapidity, without any act of open hostility, although there was evident preparation for it in all the Turkish ships. Upon the *Dartmouth* sending a boat to a Turkish fire-vessel, a lieutenant and several of her crew were shot with musketry. "This produced a defensive fire of musketry from the *Dartmouth* and the *Syrène*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral de Rigny; that was succeeded by a cannon-shot at the Rear-Admiral from one of the Egyptian ships, which of course brought on a return; and thus very shortly afterwards the battle became general." The *Asia*, although placed alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, was even nearer to that of Moharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian ships; "and since his ship did not fire at the *Asia*, neither did the *Asia* fire at her." The latter indeed sent a message "that he would not fire at all," and therefore no hostility took place between the two ships for some time after the *Asia* had returned the fire of the Capitana Bey. In the meantime, however, the pilot of the *Asia*, who went to interpret to Moharem Bey the Admiral's desire to avoid bloodshed, was killed by his people in a boat alongside. His ship—whether with or without his orders is not known—soon afterwards fired into the *Asia*, and was consequently effectually destroyed by the *Asia*'s fire, sharing the same fate as his brother admiral on the star-board side, and falling to leeward a mere wreck. This account of the proceedings of the *Asia* would be equally applicable to the other ships of the fleet. "This bloody and destructive battle was continued with unabated fury for four hours," and the scene of wreck and devastation at its close was such as has been seldom seen. The conduct of the Russian and French commanders was "admirable and highly exemplary" and Admiral Codrington derived "able and zealous assistance" from his own officers. In fact everybody behaved as well as possible all round. The loss was severe, but the Admiral consoled himself with the reflection "that the measure which produced the battle was absolutely necessary for obtaining the results contemplated by the Treaty, and that it was brought on entirely by our opponents." The whole story reminds us of the Irishman who could not expostulate because the poker was bent; but there is this difference, that the poker was not bent, and Admiral Codrington did expostulate.

Such is the substance of Admiral Codrington's official report of the battle of Navarino. In a private letter to the Lord High Admiral he says that it would have done his Royal Highness's heart good to have seen the tremendous effect of the *Asia*'s guns. Some idea of the severity of the action may be formed from the fact that the *Hind*, tender to the *Asia*, having taken a very warm place, was struck by twenty-three round shot, and her surgeon, when about to perform an amputation, was summoned on deck by the call "All hands to repel boarders!" Thus the *Hind* got the name of "the line of battle cutter." A general order issued by Admiral Codrington after the action stated that "the allied commanders promised to destroy the Turkish and Egyptian fleets if a single gun were fired at either of their flags, and with the assistance of the brave men whom they had the satisfaction of commanding, they have performed their promise to the very letter." It might indeed have been expected that a Russian admiral would zealously co-operate with a British admiral in destroying a Turkish fleet "in the cause of suffering humanity." Such an opportunity was not likely to recur. The *Gazette* announced that Admiral Codrington had been promoted from K.C.B. to G.C.B., and that all his captains and commanders had been made C.B. The Lord High Admiral officially congratulated Sir Edward Codrington on the splendid victory he had obtained, and rejoiced that he was quite well. "I admire," he said, "your perfect conduct on the day of battle, and most highly appreciate the exertions of all ranks under your orders." The Duke of Clarence's letter was to be delivered to Sir Edward by their common friend Admiral Sir John Gore, who proceeded, "with the approbation and perfect knowledge of the Cabinet, to obtain a complete and satisfactory explanation to certain questions which His Majesty's confidential servants have thought it their duty to put respecting the cause of going into Navarino Bay, and the commencement of the firing." The Duke sent at the same time the insignia and crosses of the Bath, and a sword from himself, "which," he said, "I trust you will accept as a small token of my admiration of your conduct in Navarino Bay." In another letter the Duke says that, not being in the Cabinet, he can only look at the business as a sea officer, and from the bottom of his heart he congratulates

\* *Memoir of the Life of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington; with Selections from his Public and Private Correspondence.* Edited by his Daughter, Lady Bouchier. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1873.

the Admiral on the event. The Duke of Clarence was, happily for himself, exempt from sharing the political perplexities which Codrington's straightforward interpretation of ambiguous orders had produced. This perplexity was well described by a friend who wrote to Codrington that everybody at home admired his pluck and skill, but some doubted whether he had not knocked down the wrong man. Between sympathy with Greek independence on the one hand and suspicion of Russian designs on Turkey on the other, it was difficult for the English Government either to fix their own course or to give intelligible instructions to their Admiral. They might usefully have remembered a favourite saying of the first Napoleon, that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs. By the Treaty of London of July 6, 1827, Great Britain, France, and Russia agreed to propose and, if necessary, enforce an armistice by sea between Turkey and the Greeks. The naval commanders of the three Powers were instructed, in enforcing this armistice, "at the same time that they do all in their power to prevent collision between the two belligerents, to avoid on their part collision with either." The original edition of *Pickwick* contains a picture of the benevolent hero interfering to prevent collision between the rival editors of *Eatanswill*, and thereby producing collision of his own person with a carpet-bag and hearth-brush. A British admiral could hardly be expected to imitate the meekness of Mr. Pickwick. Sir Edward Codrington entered Navarino to enforce the armistice on Ibrahim Pacha; his fleet was fired on and he returned the fire. A change of Government produced a modification of feeling; and although Ministers could not deny that Codrington had done his duty at Navarino, they removed him from his command on the pretext that he had not done his duty afterwards. His real fault was that he had done too much; but he was charged with having done too little. An attempt was made to propitiate the Turks by explaining to them that Codrington had been removed. The Reis Effendi could not make it out. "The notion that the Admiral had been remiss in the execution of measures of severity seemed to him incredible." We, like the Reis Effendi, cannot make it out. If Ministers had said plainly, We are going to conciliate the Turks, and we think that Admiral Codrington's presence in the Mediterranean may tend to keep alive unpleasant memories, their course would have been justifiable. It was for them to judge of political expediency, and, we should say, that it would have been the Admiral's duty to bow to that judgment even if he doubted its soundness.

The Duke of Wellington was the author of the resolution to recall Codrington. The letter of recall bears the signature of Lord Aberdeen, and we are obliged to say that it is not a creditable composition. The main charge was that the Admiral "ought to have prevented the transmission of Greek slaves to Egypt" after the battle of Navarino, and that, in failing to do this, he had neglected written instructions sent to him by Government. By one clause of these instructions he was directed "to hold out every inducement to the Pacha of Egypt to withdraw the Egyptian ships and land forces altogether from Greece, and to assure them that every facility and protection would be given for their safe return to Alexandria, but on no account to enter into any stipulation for allowing the ships to return without the troops to Alexandria." Lord Aberdeen argues that this instruction "necessarily authorized" the Admiral "to ascertain what the ships about to return contained." The fact was that some of the ships which had been severely battered at Navarino floated, and barely floated, across to Alexandria. The Admiral was required not only to permit, but to give "facility and protection," to their voyage; but he was not to "stipulate" for permission for this voyage unless the ships carried troops. But if the Admiral merely looked another way when ships came out of Navarino, it seems to us that he was within his orders. He allowed the voyage and he did not "stipulate" anything at all. He would, indeed, have encountered formidable difficulties if he had. There might easily have been, and probably were, many more Egyptian troops in Greece than the ships which put to sea could carry, even if they had been seaworthy, which they were not. Was the Admiral to superintend the packing of these troops into the ships, and ascertain the exact number which they could carry in ordinary weather without sinking? Lord Aberdeen argues that the Admiral ought to have searched the ships to see that they did carry troops, and that, if he had done this, he would have found Greek slaves on board, and could have taken them out. The deportation of these slaves to Egypt caused a great outcry in England, and the Government alleged that this order imposed on the Admiral a duty to prevent it. As regards the general duty of checking Turkish barbarity towards the Greeks, supposing such a duty existed, the task of discharging it, and at the same time avoiding any collision with the Turks, was almost impossible. We are not, however, concerned to maintain that Admiral Codrington did always the very best that could be done in circumstances of extreme difficulty. But we say that these difficulties ought not to have been aggravated by sending orders framed in ambiguous terms, and then censuring him for not interpreting these orders in a sense which, to say the least, is not obvious.

The battle of Navarino was fought on the 20th October, 1827, and in the December following the Ministry of Lord Goderich resigned, and was succeeded by that of the Duke of Wellington. The King in his speech to Parliament of the 29th January, 1828, was made to say that, notwithstanding the valour displayed by the combined fleet, he lamented that this conflict should have occurred with the naval force of his ancient ally; and he hoped that this "untoward event" would not be followed by further hostilities. The Duke of Wellington explained that by "unto-

ward" was meant "unexpected, unfortunate," and that no imputation was intended upon the gallant officer who commanded at Navarino. The Duke of Clarence had secured promotions and decorations for the Admiral and his officers before the politicians had time to discern the untowardness of their valiant service. But no thanks were voted by Parliament to the men who fought at Navarino. The letter of recall reached the Admiral in July following, and he returned to England. In January 1829 he called upon the Duke of Wellington, who assured him that he had the highest esteem for his conduct and services, but discreetly declined to argue the question of construction of the orders. During the remainder of a long life Sir Edward Codrington was treated with the consideration due to his brilliant services, and it may be taken as admitted by all parties that he was sacrificed to political expediency. A naval officer cannot take a lawyer to sea with him to interpret difficult instructions. But if he will do his duty faithfully to the best of his understanding, he may be sure that in the long run his country will do him justice.

#### TWO RECENT TREATISES ON ART.\*

WE couple together Mr. Jackson's treatise on *Modern Gothic Architecture* and Mr. Moody's *Lectures on Art*, not because they have anything in common in their treatment, but because they arrive, by different paths, at the same result. They both represent the craving of the more advanced artistic thinkers of our time for some definite principles which shall give vitality and consistency and unity to the art of this nineteenth century. They both agree in a very low estimate of the eclectic and imitative schools of the day. They both look to the more perfect training of the individual artist as the only possible remedy for existing evils. Mr. Moody, as one of the South Kensington staff engaged in tuition, speaks with a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of the subject.

Mr. Jackson, whose name is not known to us in connexion with any architectural work in actual execution, avows himself a firm believer in the Pointed or Gothic school of art. But he is absolutely dissatisfied with the present state and prospects of the Revival. There is little that is new in his arguments, and his style is somewhat cumbrous and heavy. But it is a good sign that any of our young architects should take so earnest a view as he does of the responsibilities and capabilities of their profession. Starting from the assumptions that all good architectural art falls naturally into styles, and that all good styles are in some peculiar manner suitable to the country and age which gave them birth, he argues that the climate of England requires some variety of the Gothic style, and that the architecture of the future must be no servile reproduction of that of the middle ages, but rather a style which shall meet and embody the actual conditions of the civilization of our own days. Arguing from the precedents afforded by the revival of Roman architecture north of the Alps by Charles the Great, and by the revival of classical literature by Petrarch, he declares that as the one developed into Gothic and the other into the rich literature of modern Italy, so ought the revival of Gothic to have given place by this time to the birth of a new derivative style suitable to our own age. In other words, the revival of Gothic among ourselves, right and necessary as it was, ought never to have been regarded as an end in itself, but only as a means to some further end beyond. The question arises, What are the causes of the failure of this revival to give birth to a vigorous new style? Mr. Jackson finds the first answer to his question in the formalism and purism of the chief leaders of the school. He compares them to *littérateurs* who might devote themselves to reproduce Ciceronian diction rather than develop a verbal style of their own. He thinks they have mistaken the letter of the old Gothic for its spirit, and contends that they ought to have concerned themselves not with the forms, but with the principles, of the style. He concludes therefore that our best modern Pointed buildings are really pseudo-Gothic, and declares that the imitation of archaic drawing and sculpture is a senseless caricature, and generally that antiquarianism, as such, has been inimical among ourselves to the best interests of the art. English architecture, if it is ever to revive, must be Gothic, but Gothic without mediævalism. There is nothing new, as we have said, in these opinions. But they cannot be expressed too often. Mr. Jackson next contends that the growth, if ever it is to begin, must be spontaneous and natural. So that those architects are to be blamed who imagine that they can forward it by affecting a deliberate originality in their works. His condemnation of the extravagance and eccentricity of many modern designs, the overcrowding of incongruous architectural features, and the utter absence of repose or sense of harmony and beauty, is one of the most vigorous parts of his book. Our author goes on to argue that the key to the new style will most probably be found in the loyal attempt to supply in Gothic any modern wants which ancient precedents may fail to provide for. This is a new and valuable suggestion. It follows that the use of Gothic ought to be universal if this idea is to be carried out into practice. The man who foregoes any profitable occasion of applying the Pointed style to some new and difficult emergency is so far a traitor to the

\* *Modern Gothic Architecture*. By T. G. Jackson, Architect, Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

*Lectures and Lessons on Art; being an Introduction to a Practical and Comprehensive Scheme*. By F. W. Moody, Instructor in Decorative Art at South Kensington Museum. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.



style. We welcome Mr. Jackson's indignant protest against Gothic being considered as suitable for none but ecclesiastical buildings. We do not know, however, that we agree with him in thinking that purism is the besetting danger of a universal adoption of the style. He is more right, as it seems to us, in hinting that the early Renaissance will probably supply many invaluable hints and suggestions for such developments of the earlier Gothic as are wanted in our own days. But still more valuable are his concluding remarks that the *via salutis* will most probably be found, if found at all, in the restoration of the subsidiary decorative arts of sculpture and painting to their proper relation to the mistress-art of architecture. Here Mr. Jackson becomes almost eloquent in his description of Greek sculpture and of the paintings in the Campo Santo of Pisa. He finds his best illustration of the utter want of harmony in our own days between architecture and the subordinate arts in the following description of a well-known London church:—

Let us take, as an instance of modern work, a church which was built not many years ago in London, which is well known and deservedly admired by all who are interested in the progress of architecture, and which, on account of its costliness and splendour, and the talent that has been expended on its design, is one of the most famous of our modern buildings. The architect and the painter to whom the principal part of the decoration was entrusted were both in the first rank of modern artists, and were selected probably because they belonged to the same school of religious thought, and were influenced by common sympathies and principles. It would perhaps have been difficult at the time when this church was built to have associated together an architect and a painter from whose united work a more harmonious result might have been expected. And what is the result? Simply contrast and discord. The part of the decoration which was designed by the architect himself is hard, dry, severe, and abstract; the design is sharp, trenchant, and in parts even spotty. In that part which was decorated by the painter the colouring is soft and flowing, the treatment broad, and the general effect warm and subdued. So far as concerns unity and harmony of effect, the result is a failure.

Mr. Jackson finds a still more notorious failure in the Houses of Parliament. The remedy is to be found in the more perfect training of the architect. The architect of the future is not merely to design the fabric, but to be responsible for all the sculpture and painting employed in its decoration. This again is no new idea. But is there any hope, we ask, of its being realized? No doubt it used to be so in old times. But then the subdivision of labour was not carried to the point to which the exigencies of our modern life have driven it. And the ancient artists were not compelled, by want of money or of fame, to undertake—as so many of our contemporaries persist in doing—very many more commissions than they can satisfactorily, or personally, fulfil. Mr. Jackson is perfectly right, therefore, in calling upon his fellow-architects to devote themselves to the study of pure art in all its applications, and more particularly in sculpture and painting. Undoubtedly an architect ought to know how his constructions are to be decorated. Whether he is to carve with his own chisel, or paint with his own brush, or stain glass with his own hands, is another thing. But at any rate he ought to be able to comprehend the whole, if he is to work in harmony with the artists associated with him in his task. It is a hopeful thing that some of our architects begin to understand this necessity, and some few at least have begun to practise it. The study of art in general, and of the nude in sculptural art in particular, is no longer a thing unknown among the architectural profession. It is now acknowledged that an architect must learn his business not only at the drawing-board in his employer's office, but in the life school and in the picture gallery. Mr. Jackson deserves our best thanks for recommending this course to his brother architects. We hope that he follows his own prescription in his own practice. We are very glad to welcome him among the number of the lettered students of art. Many of his illustrations show reading and culture. The following is a happy description of the unintelligent imitation of ancient forms which characterizes certain modern designers:—

Our work will be like those strange copies of the religious woodcuts that were common in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which were made by Chinese artists for the Jesuit missionaries in China, which have not the merit either of European or of Oriental art, and are evidently done by men working, as it were, in the dark, scarcely conscious of the meaning and intention of the lines and figures they were transcribing.

We have not left ourselves much space to speak of Mr. Moody's lectures. This volume contains the substance of a course which he delivered at the South Kensington Museum, as introductory to future courses on architecture, ornament, and the human figure. They are illustrated, in a rough way, by transcriptions of the lecturer's sketches on the black-board, each sketch being briefly described in letterpress. What he has not been able, however, to reproduce for his readers is the magnificent collection of actual examples of the highest art which the Museum afforded him for oral illustration to his hearers. We have often laughed at the charlatanism which has been so conspicuous in the management of the South Kensington Museum, but we are willing to admit that a more magnificent or valuable collection of treasures of art has never been accumulated. And it is with pleasure that we see in Mr. Moody's volume a proof that some of the professorial teaching delivered at South Kensington is altogether excellent. A tone of complaint, indeed, runs through the lectures, as though the students addressed were not very numerous or attentive. We hope that the teachers have no just ground for such complaint. At any rate there is no excuse for the neglect of such opportunities of study among the younger members of the architectural profes-

sion settled in London. Mr. Moody does not exaggerate the value of the Museum when he thus describes its contents:—

We have here under one roof treasures of such surpassing interest and in such profusion, that nothing comparable could have existed in the palaces of the Medicis or the Popes. The catalogue seems inexhaustible. Every material the earth produces is here to be seen—carved, turned, bored, twisted, melted, punched, blown, or beaten into every conceivable form of beauty that the taste, skill, or patience of man could invent or execute. What centuries of labour and experience are here stored for our use!

Nevertheless the lecturer insists most truly that nature, and not art, must be the chief educator of the artist. His address at the conclusion of the session, in which he deals with this point, is the best of the whole series. It is interesting, if the two books noticed in this paper are read together, to see how closely the writers agree in their idea of the only possible remedy for the low state of art among us. Surely this is a good sign for the future. How thoroughly Mr. Moody makes nature the inexhaustible fountain of all artistic inspiration can be best judged of by an examination of his illustrative plates. Nearly all of these are reproductions of natural form, and more particularly of the human figure. So thoroughly is he persuaded that the life-school is the nursery of the highest art, that he assumes a competent knowledge of anatomy in his hearers. We are sure, as we have said, that this is the right direction in which we have to look for real progress in English art.

#### HOME, SWEET HOME.\*

MRS. RIDDELL has in her last novel made an advance, but at the same time she has retrograded. She has made an advance, inasmuch as she has taken the advice which was tendered to her long ago, and modified her habit of interlarding her narrative with those apostrophes to sacred names which recur with such distressing frequency in *A Life's Assize* and others of her works, and has expended more time and pains than is customary with her in the analysis of character. She has not, however, been able to refrain altogether from religious padding; a tablet to the memory of some drowned seamen afforded an opportunity for a bit of pious sentimentality too tempting to be passed by. In the matter of construction Mrs. Riddell has not in any way improved, and as regards originality she has fallen off. The plot is of the feeblest, if indeed it can be admitted that *Home, Sweet Home* contains a plot at all; and surely a less hackneyed subject might have been found for a story than the very commonplace one of an obscure girl with a lovely voice and the true genius for music taken up and trained by one of those ponderous fat, dirty, magnanimous, yet most small-minded, Germans, who are becoming as inevitable in our works of fiction as are Italian organ-boys in the streets of the metropolis. In short, this novel gives us the idea of an attempt to imitate George Eliot and Wilkie Collins simultaneously; while a strain of the genuine Mrs. Riddell is perceptible through the whole, and somewhat tones down its incongruities.

*Home, Sweet Home* is written autobiographically; and as the heroine who tells the story is, when we take leave of her, the mother of several children, we find that its action has extended over some thirty years. It is evident that we are intended to fancy the earliest events in it as taking place some forty or fifty years ago, for it must be quite as long as that since people in any part of England lived in such a quaint old-world fashion. Annie begins by describing a certain white house standing upon a steep green hill with a background of dark fir trees, extending into belts of plantation and sloping lawns; which house, having been for years the focus of all her dreams and speculations, "the Great House," the grandest habitation within her ken, has photographed itself upon her brain. As, however, she eventually comes to live in that very house, having married into the family of the Wiffordes of Lovedale, it is not surprising that she should know it well. Annie's relations are only farmers, tenants of the ladies who inherit the Great House; and the descriptions of her life with her grandmother, who considers that sailors and soldiers and restless idle vagabonds are the only people who go to outlandish places, and who never talks of anything out of "Fairshire," if a little spun out, are at any rate very natural, as also are the ways of the whole Motfield family, among whom Annie, the ugly duckling, is the cause of much heartburning, jealousy, and trouble. Annie's father has been a ne'er do weel artist, with whom her mother, a beauty, had, contrary to all Motfield traditions, eloped, and both had died after a few years of love and misery, leaving Annie to inherit unacknowledged genius—which is only a burden to her—three hundred pounds, a silver tea-service, an old spinet, some paintings, books, and brocades, all of which are objects of envy to her aunts and cousins. It is by these farmers' wives and daughters that we are reminded in a sort of way of George Eliot, just as one is sometimes conscious of, as it were, the echo of a perfume without being exactly able to define what essence has given it birth. These portraits are very deficient in the delicate handling by means of which the author of *Adam Bede* makes her people live and breathe; yet there is a rough truthfulness about them which bears a certain resemblance to the creations of that wonderful limner. Annie, vaguely aware that she has music in her soul, learns for the first time the power of sweet sounds when staying at Fairport with her uncle; for she by a fortunate chance is taken to the theatre, and hears some

\* *Home, Sweet Home*. By Mrs. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

wandering stars, of whom Serlini, the prima donna of that day, is the queen. After a tumultuous encore, the Diva sings a plaintive well-known ballad, "Home, Sweet Home," and sings it so that the child artiste is moved to tears. Afterwards Annie sings it for herself, wandering away where she thinks she is alone, and carolling forth her song so that the very thrush is forced to stop and listen to her. She has chosen rather an inconvenient spot for her concert-room, a boulder in the middle of the river Love; yet here she is joined by another water sprite, no less a personage than the young lady from "the Great House"—a hoydenish, fast, and flighty damsel, who, being wearied with the dulness of her stately home, and very glad to discover a congenial companion in the farmer's daughter, makes the preternaturally sagacious observation that "genius has its own rank," and forthwith proceeds to patronize and to bully Annie. The one-sided friendship which arises between the girls being displeasing to the antiquated spinsters whose aim in life is to keep up the dignity of the Wifford name, Mrs. Motfield and Annie leave Lovedale, and make a new home in Annie's own cottage at little Alford, where the heroine attends a school of local celebrity, and makes acquaintance with a certain Dr. Packman, the stereotyped amiable country physician we know so well, and with his old-maid sister. At their house she is introduced to Herr Droigel, the before-mentioned German professor, who becomes the arbiter of her fate.

Undoubtedly the Droigel family are the best drawn characters in Mrs. Riddell's book, and have had most pains bestowed upon them. Annie is merely an amiable nonentity with a voice; Miss Cleves is a rough young person who, in affecting singularity, does not mind wounding other people; the Motfields are sketchy, but tolerably faithful, presentations of individuals of their class; and Serlini and the other musical people have been merely thrown in to fill up the canvas; but upon Droigel, his wife and daughter, the authoress has expended all her strength, and we are bound to say that she has not expended it in vain. Droigel, with his immense untidy person, his acreage of fat cheek innocent of whisker, huge dirty hands, and divine voice, cooking his fearfully composed messes to the great discomfiture of any servant who may have been inveigled into accepting for a brief period an engagement in the family, which delighted to live "in a hurricane of disorder," and bellowing from the fireplace an entreaty to his pupil to mind what she is about, or a malediction upon her for some vocal misdemeanour, is a very graphic portrait; nor are his mental characteristics less well delineated. His love of money, love of ease, love of good eating and drinking, and passion for diplomacy, his good-nature, his tyranny, his truly Teutonic sentimentality, and all his various little pretences, are brought out capitably; while Madame Droigel, "extracted from a depth of insufficiency which no pure German could hope to fathom or understand," and the beautiful, shrewd, kindly, yet worldly-minded Gretchen, who manages at last so to establish herself in life that she is able to carry out the desire of her heart and do nothing for the remainder of her days, are equally good in their way. The Professor's reasons for preferring England to his "ain country" are potent and clearly expressed; and found to be all-powerful by personages of many nationalities:—

"Mine own child," said the Professor, "when the frosty weather nips you up so!"—and he convulsed his mighty frame with a stage shudder—"which do you love best, a full grate or an empty? When you are hungry—but hunger I suppose is a sensation unknown to Annie, who nibbles, nibbles, unlike Droigel, who eats plates upheaped—but put it that you felt hunger, should you not prefer a larger well garnished to one empty, and swept clean? The royal sirloin, the substantial side of bacon, the appetizing sausage, and the useful loaf would recommend their presence. Good; so far you follow me. This England of yours, cursed in its climate and—well, in nothing else, we will say—blessed in its soil and its wealth and its position, its blazing coals, is bread and meat to me. I find not here ethereal blessings—I find no appreciative public, no wreaths, no garlands, no medals; but in lieu thereof the cakes and ale which in my own land of poesy and romance might well be forgotten.

"Setting aside the fact of its being poisonous, a man cannot live on laurel. He needs the fat bees, he delights in the fine wheat bread with which London can supply him. It is true, and pity it is, that as regards art, the English are outer barbarians; but what matter? They know how to live, they know how to let live. There, Annie, much beloved, is the case in a nutshell, as your adage has it."

So Droigel abjures Vaterland, and contrives even to baffle the British tradesmen whom his soul abhors, to whom he gives no promises "but that which their souls love not, cash"—since, as he wisely says, "across the counter is the antidote for cheating." His management of the gardener who, prevented from stealing his vegetables, complains to the landlord of his eccentric but not dishonest tenant, is very amusing; indeed the Herr, whether in his public or private capacity, is seldom at fault. We wish we could say as much for the heroine. Never were such tame love affairs before introduced into a novel. Indeed, we should never have known that Annie was in love but that she suddenly informs us that during her first appearance on the stage, when one would have thought that she would have been wholly occupied with her success, her heart at last understood its own mystery. This must be taken to mean that she had been unconsciously in love with Sylvester Birwood, the destined husband of Miss Cleves, who it seems had also long been attached to Annie, and desired to prevent her from becoming an actress. It is needless to say that she eventually marries him. There is another love episode, short and uninteresting; Annie is wooed by an Honourable Mr. Florence, a man of the vulgar, fast type, described as "handsome, with dark hair, a high forehead inclined to premature baldness" (we did not know that the forehead was usually covered with hair), "well-cut aristocratic features, a firm, hard, cruel mouth, and eyes that never softened or changed." As Annie feared him more than a tiger or

a leopard, although he does not seem to be a very ferocious personage, she naturally does not encourage his intentions, and indeed goes the length of running down a cliff into the sea rather than remain in his company. As she has to limp home in "boots sodden and torn, with her wet skirts clinging round her, and her bonnet a mass of straw pulp," she is rather afraid she may have done something unfeminine, although she probably believes she is acting with that firmness which she had a short time before discovered to be a necessary element in goodness—a fact of which she says that "threescore years and ten oftentimes find men and women ignorant."

Mrs. Riddell is, as we have stated more than once, very superior to the ordinary novelist who spins out so many random pages for a certain stated remuneration; but she has much to learn ere she can be ranked with the masters of the art of fiction; although we are far from saying that she may not yet attain to a considerable likeness to them if she but possesses courage and perseverance to go through the necessary amount of study.

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